

THE

# MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

FOR

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## THE MISERIES ATTENDANT UPON A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

To the Editors of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

FROM the avidity with which I see that species of Gaming, called *putting in the Lottery*, is pursued, it would be dangerous to attempt a Refutation of the general opinion, that *happiness consists in riches*. No sooner do the Lottery-office Keepers announce the delivery of Tickets, than the purses of all ranks of people spontaneously, as it were, fly open, and give, too frequently, their whole contents, as an offering at the shrine of Fortune. But if experience can give any weight to my advice, I would beg leave to caution *every son and daughter of Adam* against engaging in so dangerous a scheme; which is hurtful, if it deceives their hopes, but more so if it produces the wealth they so ardently desire.

The first of these evils---for so I am obliged to call them both---has been too commonly felt, to need any explanation; but it must be observed, that this, like other checks to our expectation, is a temporary evil only, and seldom makes any deep impression, but on the minds of sanguine people; whereas that turn of

fortune, which mankind so eagerly wish for, is pregnant with the most lasting and most dreadful mischiefs, and in proportion to the sum of the Lottery Prize, such is the depth of misery into which we are plunged.

In order to support an opinion so repugnant to the general ideas of mankind, permit me to lay before you some account of myself and family.

In the month of November last, two days before the drawing of the Lottery, wearied with the incessant importunities of my wife, I called at BRANSCOMB's Fortunate Office, (Mrs. Figg was always fond of the word *fortunate*) and we bought a Ticket in the Lottery. On the Saturday night after, on looking over the papers, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my Ticket was come up a 2000l. In the pride, as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company --- my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: and they

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they never care how extravagant they are upon such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, tho' not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could, about four in the morning, when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried, "Pish, ONLY 2000L!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the Ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a Prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake, by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which the wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had seven hearty friends came to dine with us, by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper time. It is very kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence, and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made a shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep.---Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the Lottery Wheels: she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces, and I once heard her mention the word Coach.

In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the newspaper! though I could not but smile (and Madam was greatly pleased) at the Printer's exalting me to the dignity of Esquire, having been nothing before but plain Mr. all my life before. And now, Gentlemen, the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-papers, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast, than we were complimented with a rat-a-tattoo from the drums, as if we had been just

married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the Ticket, and the Commissioners Clerks that wrote down the Ticket, all of them praying "that my honour would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me, Sirs, what these gentry would have given me, if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should call upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came upon me in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One of them insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out apprentice; another, lately *white-wedged*, proposed to me my setting him up in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her now to appear in.----Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own chusing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more Tickets, all of her own chusing.---To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of my tickets may come up a 5,000L. or 10,000L.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your humble Servant,  
PETER FIGG.

P. S. Since

P. S. Since writing the above, I find the Tickets purchased since my *unlucky* acquisition, have been all drawn Blanks.--- Thank heaven for the change! for had

another prize, tho' but of 1,000l. come up, myself and family had certainly lost all our senses, and ere this have been prepared for Bedlam.

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Remarkable CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and MEMOIRS.

By the Rev. Dr. GRANGER.

THE strange vicissitudes of human life, and especially those of the calamitous kind, were never more frequent than in the eventful reign of Charles I. If we except the fate of that Monarch, they were, perhaps, in no instance more signally exemplified than in that of Sir WILLIAM DICK, who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and a very eminent merchant, with a fortune, as he says himself, of upwards of 50,000l. Having the means, he did not want the inclination to assist his countrymen, the Covenanters, with large sums of money to defray the necessary expences of the war; but they failing in their payments, he so far overstrained his credit, that his bills were returned protested, and he was totally ruined. He hereupon earnestly applied for relief to the parliaments of England and Scotland. According to the state of the account, there were due to him from England 26,803l. from Scotland 28,131l. in all 64,934l. for the payment of which he had warrants granted on the Chamber of London, in 1641; on the English Customs, in 1643 and 1644; on the Cavaliers estates in 1646; and on the excise of wine, in Scotland, 1651. It appears by Lord Loudon the Chancellor of Scotland's letters to the English Houie of Commons, and to the Commissioners in London, 1644, that there was a clear balance due to Dick of 34,000l. from that nation.--- Notwithstanding these warrants for repayment, and the application of the Scots to their brethren in England, he had only recovered 1000l. in 1653, after sixteen years solicitation, during which time he was reduced to so great straits, that he was arrested for some small debts contracted for his necessary subsistence, and, as it seems, died in prison, 19 Dec. 1655, aged 75. Hence we may learn, that however loudly Republicans may talk of liberty, they can be guilty of as flagrant violations of common justice, as the most despotic princes, when the political necessity of the state calls, or only serves as a plausible pretence for it.

THOMAS KNIGHT, a late shoemaker at Oxford, was noted for his extensive knowledge in heraldry, in which branch of science he made considerable collections. He, on sight of an achievement, rarely failed of telling immediately to what nobleman or gentleman's family it belonged. He also blazoned, drew, and added elegant ornaments to arms. This man, with an heraldical genius, which, if duly cultivated, would have qualified him for a king at arms, sunk in a few years from a shoemaker to a cobler.

Once as DAVID BECK (a celebrated painter, in favour with Charles I.) was travelling thro' Germany, he was suddenly taken ill; and appearing to be dead, was treated as such. His servants, who watched the corpse after it was laid out, endeavoured to console themselves for the loss of their master with the bottle. When they grew intoxicated, one of them proposed to give him a glass, tho' he were dead, as he was far from having a dislike to it when he was alive. This was accordingly done; and the consequence was, that he recovered and lived many years.

DR. HACKET, when minister of St. Andrew's, Holborn, having, soon after the Restoration, received notice of the interment of a Fanatic belonging to his parish, got the burial-office by heart. As he was a great master of elocution, and was himself always affected with the propriety and excellence of the composition, he delivered it with such emphasis and grace, as touched the hearts of every one present, and especially of the friends of the deceased, who unanimously declared, that they never heard a finer discourse. But how were they astonished, when they were told that it was taken from our Liturgy; a book which, though they had never read, they had been taught to regard with contempt and detestation.

THE worthy Bishop BULL, when a parish priest, is known to have practised the same honest art, with like success, in using other offices of our Liturgy.

Mr. JACOB BOBART, botany professor (or keeper of the physic-garden) at Oxford, did, about 40 years ago, find a dead rat in the physic-garden, which he made to resemble the common picture of dragons, by altering the head and tail, and thrusting in taper sharp sticks, which extended the skin on each side till it mimicked wings. He let it dry as hard as possible. The learned immediately pronounced it a dragon; and one of

them sent an accurate description of it to Magliabechi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; several fine copies of verses were wrote on so rare a subject; but at last Mr. Bobart owned the cheat; however, it was looked upon as a masterpiece of art, and, as such, deposited in the Museum, or Anatomy-School, where I saw it for some years.

[West. Mag.]



### A few REMARKS on the BATH WATERS,

And on the DANGER of drinking them in some PARTICULAR DISORDERS.

THE sudden and unexpected death of Lord Clive, Sir James Hodges, Sir Thomas Whitmore, and many other gentlemen less known, within these few years, either during their drinking these Waters, or soon after, induces me to say what none of the physicians at this place dare say, though all of them know it, which is, that however efficacious the Waters are in some cases, and in particular, in all bilious complaints, yet I firmly believe more men are every year destroyed by them, than receive benefit, though the number is great on both sides. This I am certain of, that those physicians who are best acquainted with their qualities and effects, are the most cautious how, and in what manner, they administer them; and that Dr. H---r---n, who understands them better perhaps than any man in England, always prescribes them with the utmost caution, and, at first, in the smallest quantities, and even then not often at the fountain head. There certainly is a spirit in them, when taken from the pump, which affects the brain, and which intoxicates some persons as much as the same quantity of Champaigne would: They create a great appetite; give an extraordinary flow of spirits, and therefore the deluded patient, upon first drinking them, often feels their effects like a charm. In general, it is men at a certain time of life, who have injured their stomachs by too much eating, or drinking, or both, who fly hither for relief, and many there are, I confess, who find it in a superlative degree; yet I have often known men between fifty and sixty, who never had the gout, (for to those men it is most dangerous) as certainly killed by the Bath Waters, as if they had taken a pistol, and indeed as suddenly too.

The loss of a dear and affectionate friend, many years ago, in the prime of life, by drinking too much of them, (being pinched in point of time) has, perhaps, made me more attentive to their effects on others, than a man unacquainted with physic would otherwise have been; and this caution I write with no other view, than doing as I would be done unto. It has been observed, that those who have died suddenly by apoplectical strokes, &c. have generally themselves observed, a day or two before, or their friends for them, how remarkably well they have been, as if Nature was bracing up all her springs to give the blow with more violence; and I recollect to have seen Sir James Hodges, and Lord Clive, a few days before the death of the former, in lively conversation with each other in the Pump-Room.

Having said thus much, I hope it will not be understood, that I mean to depreciate the virtues of the Bath Waters; on the contrary, they have (and always will, when properly taken) worked wonders; but they are to be taken with great caution, and not wantonly swallowed.

I remember some years ago a physician of great eminence sending his patient (an old lady) to Bath, and I heard him say, "The Bath physicians, Madam, think we London practitioners know nothing of those Waters; however, be assured that they are, in your case, both necessary and yet dangerous, and I desire you will drink them first at your lodgings after the spirit is in some measure evaporated, and then, in small quantities, from the Pump."

Yours, &c.

A. B.

The



Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



*The Agreeable Surprise.*

The B O O K - W O R M , an OCCASIONAL PAPER;  
NUMBER IV.

[With a Beautiful ENGRAVING of the AGREEABLE SURPRISE.]

IF there be any kind of writing, which with peculiar softness steals upon the mind, and charms our passions with superior sweetness, 'tis surely that of Pastoral Composition. On perusing a piece of this nature, we soon become divested of ambition, and our ideas flow within their proper channel. Forgetting every wish that grandeur can inspire, and every anxious thought of wealth or honour, we are fond of listening to the tales of rural innocence, and willingly attend the peaceful villagers around the borders of their homely cots. Ignorant of the wants which luxury creates, and free from the diseases of intemperate enjoyments, we see them jocund at their rustic labour, while health sits blooming on their ruddy countenances; their dwellings are the favourite retreats of peace, and tho' plenty seldom crowns their homely board, yet content and cheerfulness are ever their companions.—

My mind was filled with thoughts like these, on opening, almost accidentally, that part of my Common-place Book, which was dedicated to subjects of a rural nature. I sat down to the delightful employment, and read over all my transcripts from the Pastoral Poets with unspeakable pleasure. I saw succeeding bards improving upon each others taste, and tho' pleased with Spencer's quaintness, as with the rustic plausibility of Gay, I could not but be charmed with the beautiful simplicity of more modern writers. Here Thomson sweetly sung the beauties of the changing seasons; there Shenstone, in a different, but equally melodious strain, described the purity of rural passions; and there, O gentle Cunningham, thou caught'st mine ear, while, like the Nightingale, thou soughtest the shady groves, and warbled forth thy plaintive sonnets to the gentle breeze.

I know not whether the generality of mankind are possessed of the like feelings with myself, but, for my own part, I could never read any performance with that degree of pleasure which even a Pastoral Ballad inspires. I met with one some few years ago, (but whose production it

is, I am not informed) which seems to be written in so picturesque, and at the same time so elegant a manner, that I cannot but lay it once more before the public.

B A L L A D .

Hark! the birds begin their lay,  
Flow'rets deck the robe of May;  
See the little lambkins bound,  
Playful o'er the clover ground;  
While the heifers sportive low,  
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance  
O'er the lawn in perfect dance;  
Garlands from the hawthorn bough  
Grace the happy shepherd's brow,  
While the ladies, in array,  
Wait upon the Queen of May.

Innocence, Content, and Love,  
Fill the meadows and the grove;  
Mirth, that never wears a frown,  
Health, with sweetnes all her own;  
Labour puts on pleasure's smile,  
And pale Care forgets his toil.

Oh! what pleasure shepherds know!  
Monarchs cannot such bestow;  
Love improves each happy hour,  
Grandeur has not such in store;  
Learn, ambition, learn from hence,  
Happiness is innocence.

Mr. Shenstone's Ballad, which begins, *When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, &c.* is certainly the most beautiful plaintive poem we have in that class of writing; and Mr. Cunningham's *Content* is no less admired; but there is another little poem of the latter Gentleman's, which has greater merit as a Ballad than any of the others, being far more lively, and equally descriptive. It has, I believe, been set to music; and I think would well deserve an elegant Engraving. If you think so, you will add one by way of further illustration.

*The AGREEABLE SURPRISE.*

Her sheep had in clusters crept close to a  
grove,  
To hide from the heat of the day;  
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,  
Among the sweet violets lay:

A

A youngling it seems had been stole from its  
dam,  
Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot;  
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his  
lamb,  
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he  
peeps,  
He saw the fair nymph with surprize;  
Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she  
sleeps,  
I'm lost if she opens her eyes.  
To tarry much longer would hazard my  
heart,  
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace;  
But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,  
For love held him fast to the place.  
Cease, cease, ye fond birds, what a bawling  
you keep,  
I think you too loud on the spray;

Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's  
asleep?

You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.  
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet  
maid,  
Her cheek he mistakes for a rose;  
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing  
smile—  
Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;  
I laid myself down just to rest me a-while,  
But trust me I still was awake:  
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a  
bow,  
And plac'd himself close by her side;  
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,  
But yesterday made her his bride.

A. B.

## AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN

## The FRENCH EXPRESSION LE JE NE SAIS QUOI.

THE French say, *un je ne sais quoi* is a certain something which they cannot express—*certaine chose qu'on ne peut exprimer*. Suppose we allow this to be an undefinable expression, yet we will not allow it to be peculiar to that language; for every other tongue boasts of something like it, though the words are not altogether quite so happily adapted to the expression. *A je ne sais quoi* is generally confined to a compliment—as I have often said myself of the lively Mrs. Petworth, that she is not handsome, neither is she elegant, neither is she sensible, neither is she good-natured; and yet there is an irresistible something about her that is very agreeable and pleasing; “an I know not what,” that recommends her everywhere.

This character seems to have been the peculiar grace in Lady Montague's fair Fatima: for although many Turkish Ladies were as beautiful and as elegant, yet the fair Fatima bore away every thing with her unaccountable *je ne sais quoi*.

The Men, even, as well as the Women, have this hidden charm. *Charles Courtefy* is not handsome, or well made; nor is he sensible, or deep read; nor does he dress well, or dance well; and yet Charles is universally coveted and admired by all the Fair Sex for possessing this charm, which even wit or genius cannot express.

The great Poet Martial, seems to hint at this *je ne sais quoi* in the following Epigram:—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare.  
Hoc tantum possum dicere, Non amo te.

And Lord Chesterfield, in his 24th Letter, hath these observations upon it.

“ It hath puzzled a great many people, “ who cannot conceive how it is possible “ not to love any body, and yet not to “ know the reason why. I think I conceive Martial's meaning very clearly, “ which the nature of Epigram would “ not allow him to explain more fully. “ And I take it to be this: *O Sabidis, you are a very worthy deserving man; you have a thousand good qualities, you have a great deal of learning; I esteem, I respect, but for the soul of me I cannot love you, though I cannot particularly say why.* “ You are not amiable; you have not those “ engaging manners, those pleasing attentions, those graces, and that address, “ which are absolutely necessary to please, “ though impossible to define. I cannot say “ it is this or that particular thing that hinders me from loving you; it is the whole “ together; and upon the whole you are not agreeable.”

But Martial, in his Epigram on *Sabidis*, means this very identical *je ne sais quoi*: “ Although he hath many qualities, yet “ there is a something, I know not what, “ about him that is very disagreeable.”

The French never use this familiar phrase but in the line of compliment: nevertheless, I think it may be equally adapted to praise or censure. A wag, some

some years ago, translated this Epigram, or rather applied it to one Dr. Fell, thus :

I do not love you, Dr. Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell :  
But this, indeed, I know full well,  
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.

It is agreed on all hands, however, that there are men and women happy in possessing the agreeable, and equally otherwise in the disagreeable *je ne fais quoi*.

Sir William Wimbleton was a singular, whimsical, facetious, rich old codger of this kidney. Sir William had a knaeck of getting every body's good opinion and attention, and in a manner peculiar to himself. He was rich, had a good house, and lived well with all the people round the country ; and this he obtained by a peculiar *je ne fais quoi* of his own. Whenever he made a new acquaintance, he took an opportunity of hinting, at a very seasonable hour of festivity, something relative to his *will*. This made every body attentive, every body sedulous and active to entertain him, in hopes of his death, and the sign-manual in their favour. Sir William had no children, which always made his innuendoes more plausible. Amongst the rest of the strangers who came into Sir William's neighbourhood, was Mr. Hopewell, a man of good estate, but not so rich as not to hope to have a little more. Sir William, upon his second visit, as the glasfs circulated, took an opportunity to whisper his host, in broken words, " that " he had not chick nor child--that life " was doubtful--death sudden--that " there was a something about Mr. Hope-

" well that had prejudiced him much in " his favour---that there were such things " as codicils---but, come, my good " friend---another glasf of wine---*et vive la bagatelle.*"

This mortuary *je ne fais quoi* was not a common one, except to Sir William, who found his good account in it, and who knowing the interested and mercenary dispositions of mankind, extorted an attention by these hopes of a legacy, which otherwise he would never have had. Nothing drew such attention as the good old Baronet ; he was crammed with nice eates, seated in the soft chair by the fire, had always a glasf of rich Cape wine before dinner, and ale and toast at table, with the very nutmeg grated by Mrs. Hopewell, who had died if good Sir William had not sat upon her right hand. In this manner, for twenty years, did Sir William proceed, universally cared for and attended to by all who knew him : his visits were received with rapture, and his departure lamented with regret. All studied to do honour to the old worthy Baronet ; and though all studied to indulge his humours, yet (aside) all wished him in his grave for the sake of the legacy, so repeatedly assured of by his own faithful mouth.

At seventy-four Sir William was seized with the dead palsey ; the physicians pronounced him a dead man ; and as the days came on, the hopes of his friends increased : In short, the Baronet died, and left by will his whole estate to the Magdalen, and his mortuary *je ne fais quoi* to his friends in general.

[*Wif. Mag.*.]

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#### S K E T C H   O F   T H E

#### N O B I L I T Y   o f   the   P R E S E N T   T I M E S.

I have lately paid a great deal of attention to *our nobility*, and have mixed with them at their gaming-houses, their routs, their races, and their cricket-matches ; and indeed I flattered myself, from their births and fortunes, which naturally gave them such superlative advantages of education, that I should find them as superior to the rest of mankind, as these advantages were capable of making them : but instead of these expectations, I found them even below the level of the people, over whom they arrogantly and impudently assert a superiority.

Indeed, Nobility, at this period, is but a degenerate race of men, whom education hath only informed of new vices, and fortune hath dissolved into every abject degree of contempt, dullness, effeminacy, and disease. Dignity of life and character is only to be achieved and obtained by virtue, sense, and courage : by these *virtues*, our ancient Nobles gained their titles and their reputations ; which pusillanimous heirs possess by right of lineage, though not wise enough to read the compositions of their ancestors, nor even strong enough to bear their armour.---- Military titles of honour should die with the

the gainer of the laurel. Estates should descend to the succeeding heir, but titles should be only obtained in the field, the senate, and the cabinet. We have now such a profusion of honours conferred on men without any honour at all, that in a short time, if the court proceeds, it will have no inferiors to black the shoes of the superiors; pages to princes are now such great, little, diminutive, contemptible beings, that though they may have been menial servants to Peers, they refuse to buckle the shoe of their prince, and will not remember, that they were long obliged to Japan their own.

The gift of title is with much propriety placed in the hands of kings, to encourage men in the race of glory; but how are these honours fulfilled, when we see them hung on the various wretches of this time!

The dignity and honour of this nation is now entirely supported by the *middling class* of people; with them alone dwell virtue, honour, integrity, and courage; they support the nation's fame, and her finances; they give regal splendor to the crown, and feed the poor. But what do the Nobility? they debauch themselves and their inferiors---ruin their own honour, and the kingdom---lavish away their paternal treasures, and then become the contemptible hirelings of the court to maintain their profligacy---and by degrees ruin the reputation of the nation, and her treasury.

—Nobility of blood  
Is but a glittering, a fallacious good;  
The Nobleman is he, whose noble mind  
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from  
his kind.

Read of the heroes and statesmen of former days, and compare their names and virtues with the pigny things of this hour, and then see what Nobility was, and what it is. It was *honour, sense, and courage*; now it is *pomatum, powder, muff, mockery, and disease*. Drefs is the first quality of a man of fashion; a man had better be without the virtues of the soul, than the tinsel Graces of the body. It is with the women that honour and virtue originate: they are the fountains of all human virtue or frailty: by their examples we rise to honour, or sink in sin and infamy: and what do they generally recommend but accomplishments of the most trivial sort? Had the women of Sparta and Rome done thus, their children would not have ruined their cities to

eminence and glory! but when the women funk by vice, the nations which they exalted in reputation, descended into ignominy and ruin.

O! woman, woman, woman! all the Gods Have not such pow'r of doing good to men, As you of doing harm!

It is scarcely a doubt with me, but education is more a detriment to man, than an advantage. The most virtuous minds, being fitted for the high company of society by education, have been seduced to vice. Is there one instance of a vicious minded man well educated in our schools, reformed by erudition and *good company*? By *good company*, I do not mean the good and virtuous; I mean the witty, the wealthy, the noble. Turn on the other side of society to the middling rank of men, and there you will find honour, truth, and gratitude, with a plain education, informed enough to reverence their God, and to do honour to human nature. ~~It~~ is no matter what mode of religion man pursues; he that does as he would be done unto, acts a good part to his fellow creature, answers highly the intention of his creation, is an ornament to his race, and a glorious citizen of the world. But what are Noblemen in the scale of honour, or of what service to a state? I mean the abandoned gamesters and profligates, who disgrace our *court calendars*; in them you will find a list as ignoble, as that of Greece was noble. Their passions are devoted to lust, wine, and dice: their studies are the game of chance, the seduction of virtue, the pace of horses, and the ornament of their persons. From this rising generation are we to form our statesmen, bishops, and soldiers. O England, to what will the degeneracy of the times, the venality of the senate, and the system of politics reduce thee!

Vices amongst our young men of fashion are now called *qualities*, and he that can boast of the most wickednesses, is deemed the finest fellow. They brag of whoredoms, drunkennesses, chaticats at play, a contempt of honesty, and the non-payment of their just debts, with all the effrontery of the most hardened criminals; and for an indulgence of the most brutal lusts, and filthiest turpitudes, they quote those abominable passions mentioned by Virgil and Horace. Such a high spring-tide of complicated vices pour in from every quarter, that in the infamous deluge the virtuous must suffer; for our Nobility have not enough of sweet integrity

grity about them to save the state from a general putrefaction.

Could but our ancestors retrieve the fate,  
And see their offspring thus degenerate;  
How we contend for birth and names unknown,  
And build on their past actions, not our own;

They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,  
And openly disown the abject race;  
For fame of families is all a cheat,  
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

ANECDOTES, and some Account of the DEATH, of the late Lord CHESTERFIELD.

Men of great spirits in health, are very often in sickness much depressed, more so very often, than those who possess less vivacity in active life. It was quite the reverse with Lord Chesterfield; for his wit and humour danced hand in hand with him to the last moments of his life. His lordship was a man of that religion, which a court and very great good sense makes of most men: he reasoned with precision to the last, and laughed at the superstitions of the church, and at those who confided in them.

The Earl of Chesterfield was a very free thinker in matters of religion; and, as a proof of his steadiness, in the conclusion of his life, when one of his favourite friends was kneeling by his bedside, intreating him to rise to have his bed made better, he replied---“ Can't you let a poor old man alone, who is now out of the way, and consequently no trouble to any body--- O ! you are upon your knees ! I am glad of it, and as it is seldom, embrace this opportunity to thank God for his goodness to you.”

The physicians having an idea, that his lordship had a stone formed in his bladder, had ordered Mr. Cæsar Hawkins to attend him, to search for it; he objected some time to the operation; at last, shewing some emotion, Mr. Hawkins desired his lordship would not be alarmed ! to which he calmly answered, “ Did any man ever stand before Cæsar and not tremble ! ” After this pleasantry, his lordship suffered Mr. Hawkins to proceed, and after putting him to most tormenting agonies in searching the bladder, he withdrew his instruments, assuring his lordship, that there was no stone; when Lord Chesterfield said, “ Well, Mr. Hawkins, suppose you had found it ! it would not have been the philosopher's stone ! ” A few days afterwards, when the light of life began to burn very low towards the socket, he begged his physician to be plain with him, and resolve him, if he did not think, that

he should die by inches: the physician replying in the affirmative, Well, well then, (says Chesterfield) I have one great consolation remaining yet, that *I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*” A little after this, he died serenely.

His Posthumous Letters have been admired by some, and ridiculed by many. But the world in general take up an opinion too hastily, and when it becomes the fashion to applaud or censure, it is done without temper or bounds. Thus are these valuable epistles condemned in the gross, without ever considering, that they contain a charming and improving system of conduct for youth in education, manners and morals, from the earliest age to impassioned puberty. There are some loose and free thoughts up and down these letters, but it should be considered, that his lordship never intended those admonitions for a general system of education, but for the private and particular conduct of one extraordinary individual, whose failings he was well acquainted with, and at which he incessantly wrote, to rouse and stimulate him to vivacity and brilliant action. This is the occasion of a frequent repetition of the same thoughts: and therefore, whatever errors these letters may abound with, they ought rather to be attributed to his editor, than to his lordship.

When the news of this publication reached the ears of the executors, they were alarmed, because they contained some free opinions of the men and manners of the present age. The court immediately influenced itself for a suppression, though Mr. Dodsley had printed them off, and sold a proportionable share to Mr. Faulkner of Dublin; but notwithstanding these engagements, and the great expences they had been at, Lord M——d generously assured them, they should have an injunction, and that he would suppress the epistles with little trouble. While this business was con-

tending, Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope gave information of many more papers in her possession, containing the characters of all the principal men who had lived in his lordship's time, civil, military, and naval. This new alarm brought the ministry to terms, and therefore they promised, if she would give up the characters, they would not impede the publication of the letters; by which means the world came possessed of them, though they lost a composition more sacred to this country, than the leaves of the Sibyls to the Roman people. To such little arts are our mighty men of the court driven, that they are afraid to see their own deformed faces in a true looking-glass.

Dr. Dodd, who hath lately felt the frown of the court, is possessed of many original letters of the Earl of Chesterfield; and since the young lord hath presented him with a living of 200l. a year, we rather hope it is to encourage the publication of them, than to suppress so invaluable a work.

Were great men but more cautious in their lives of their compositions, such injustice and disgrace would never pursue their fames and memories. The late Lord Chesterfield is a striking instance, that a man of education, with the knowledge of men and courts, cannot secure while living his own fame when dead.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

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### COUNT RICHARD: An Instance of DELICATE REPROOF.

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**T**HREE was, some years ago, a Bishop of Verona, whose name was John Matthew Gilberto; a man deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, and thoroughly versed in all kinds of polite literature. This prelate, amongst many other laudable qualities, was a man of great elegance of manners, and of great generosity; and entertained those many gentlemen and people of fashion, who frequented his house, with the utmost hospitality, and (without transgressing the bounds of moderation) with such a decent magnificence as became a man of his sacred character.

It happened then, that a certain nobleman, whom they called Count Richard, passing through Verona at that time, spent several days with this Bishop and his family; in which every individual almost was distinguished by his learning and politeness. To whom, as this illustrious guest appeared particularly well-bred, and every way agreeable, they were full of his encomiums; and would have esteemed him a most accomplished person, but that his behaviour was tullied with one trifling imperfection; which the Prelate himself, also a man of great penetration, having observed, he communicated the affair, and canvassed it over with some of those with whom he was most intimate; who, though they were unwilling to offend, on so trifling an occasion, a guest of such consequence, yet at length agreed, that it was worth while to give the Count an hint of it in a friendly manner. When therefore the Count, intending to depart the next day, had, with a good grace,

taken leave of the family, the Bishop sent for one of his most intimate friends, a man of great prudence and discretion, and gave him a strict charge, that, when the Count was now mounted, and going to enter upon his journey, he should wait on him part of the way, as a mark of respect; and, as they rode along, when he saw a convenient opportunity, he should signify to the Count, in as gentle and friendly a manner as possible, that which had before been agreed upon amongst themselves.

Now this domestic of the Bishop was a man of advanced age; of singular learning, uncommon politeness, and distinguished eloquence; and also of a sweet and insinuating address: Who had himself spent a great part of his life in the courts of great princes, and was called, and perhaps is at this time called Galateo.

This gentleman then, as he rode by the side of the Count, on his departure, insensibly engaged him in a very agreeable conversation on various subjects. After chatting together very pleasantly, upon one thing after another; and it appearing now time for him to return to Verona; the Count began to insist upon his going back to his friends, and, for that purpose, he himself waited on him some little part of the way.---There, at length, Galateo, with an open and free air, and in the most obliging expressions, thus addressed the Count: ' My Lord, says he, the Bishop of Verona, my master, returns you many thanks for the honour you have done him: particularly, that you did not disdain to take up your residence with him, and to make

make some little stay within the narrow confines of his humble habitation.

Moreover, as he is thoroughly sensible of the singular favour you have conferred upon him on this occasion, he has enjoined me, in return, to make you a tender of some favour on his part; and begs you, in a more particular manner, to accept cheerfully, and in good part, his intended kindness.

Now, my Lord, the favour is this: The Bishop, my master, esteems your Lordship as a person truly noble; so graceful in all your deportment, and so polite in your behaviour, that he hardly ever met with your equal in this respect; on which account, as he studied your Lordship's character with a more than ordinary attention, and minutely scrutinized every part of it, he could not discover a single article, which he did not judge to be extremely agreeable, and deserving of the highest encomiums. Nay, he would have thought your Lordship complete in every respect without a single exception, but that, in one particular action of yours, there appeared some little imperfection: Which is, that, when you are eating at table, the motion of your lips and mouth causes an uncommon smacking kind of a sound, which is rather offensive to those who have the honour to sit at table with you. This is what the good Prelate wished to have your

Lordship acquainted with; and intreats you, if it is in your power, carefully to correct this ungraceful habit for the future: And that your Lordship would favourably accept this friendly admonition, as a particular mark of kindness; for the Bishop is thoroughly convinced, that there is not a man in the whole world, besides himself, who would have bestowed on your Lordship a favour of this kind.'

The Count, who had never before been made acquainted with this foible of his, on hearing himself thus taxed, as it were, with a thing of this kind, blushed a little at first: But, soon recollecting himself, like a man of sense, thus answered: 'Pray, Sir, do me the favour to return my compliments to the Bishop, and tell his Lordship, that, if the presents, which people usually make to each other, were all of them such as his Lordship has made me, they really would be much richer than they now are. However, Sir, I cannot but esteem myself much obliged to the Bishop for this polite instance of his kindness and friendship for me; and you may assure his Lordship I will undoubtedly use my utmost endeavours to correct this failing of mine for the future. In the mean time, Sir, I take my leave of you, and wish you a safe and pleasant ride home.'

[*Univ. Mag.*]

For the MISCELLANY.

COPY of a LETTER from Monsieur De VOLTAIRE  
to Sir W——— M H——— N.

MONSIEUR,

Le Public vous a l'obligation de connaître le Véluve, & l'Etna, beaucoup mieux qu'ils ne furent connus du temps de Cyclopes, & ensuite de celui de Pline. Les montagnes, que vous avés vues de mes Fenêtres à Ferney, sont dans un goût tout opposé. Votre Véluve, & votre Etna, sont plein de caprices: ils ressemblent aux petits hommes trop vifs, qui se mettent souvent en colere sans raison. Mais nos montagnes des glaciers, qui sont dix fois plus hautes, & quarante fois plus étendues, ont toujours la même phisognomie, & sont toujours dans un calme éternel. Des lacs toujours glacés de six miles de longueur, sont établis dans la moyenne region de l'air, entre des rochers couverts de glace au dessus des nuages, & au dessus du tonnere, sans qu'il y ait eu de l'alteration depuis des milliers de siecles.

Il n'y a pas bien loin de la fournaise, où vous êtes à la glaciere de la Suile, & cependant quelle énorme difference entre les Terreins, entre les hommes, entre les gouvernements, entre Calvin, & San Gennaro!

J'ai vu avec douleur, que vous n'avéz pu trouver un thermomètre en Sicile. Que diroit Archimede, s'il revenait à Siracuse? Mais que diroient Trajan, & les Antonins, s'ils revenoient à Rome? Je trouve tout simple que les éruptions des vulcans produisent des monticules: ceux que les fourmis élèvent dans les jardins, sont bien plus étonnans: ces montagnes factices formées en huit jours par des insectes, ont trois ou quatre cent fois la hauteur de l'architelle; mais pour nos venerables montagnes feules dignes de ce nom, d'où partent le Rhin, le Danube, le Rhône, la Saone,

le Pô, ces énormes masses paroissent avoir plus de confiance, que Monte-Nuovo, & la pretendue nouvelle île de Santorin. La grande chaîne de hautes montagnes, qui couronnent la terre en tout sens, m'a toujours parue aussi ancienne que le monde. Ce sont les os de ce grand animal, il mourroit de joie, s'il n'y avoit pas des fleuves ; & il n'y avroit aucun fleuve sans ces montagnes qui en sont les réservoirs permanents. On se moquera bien un jour de nous quand on saura que nous avons eu des Charlatans qui ont prétendus que les courants des mers avoient formés les Alpes, le monte Taurus, les Pireneés, & les Cordeliers. Tout Paris en dernier bien a été en alarmes, il s'étoit persuadé qu'une comète viendroit dissoudre notre globe, le 20 ou le 21 Mai. Dans cette attente

de la fin du monde, on me mande que les Dames de la Cour, & les Dames de la Halle alloient à confesse : ce que est, comme vous favéz, un secret infaillible pour détourner les comètes de leur chemin. St. Luc & St. Paul predirent la fin du monde. Pour la génération, où ils vivoient, est ce par pitié, où par colère, que cette catastrophe a été différée ? & vaut il mieux être que de ne pas être ? *To be, or not to be, that is the question.* Ce qui est bien sûr, c'est qu'il est très doux d'exister, & de s'instruire avec vous, & que j'ai l'honneur d'être, avec autant de plaisir que de respect,

Monieur,

Votre très humble,

Et très obéissant Serviteur,  
VOLTAIRE.

CE 17 Juin, 1773, Ferney.

[The Editors will be obliged to any Correspondent for a good translation of the above Letter.]

A N  
ESSAY on the STATE of MODERN AUTHORS.

Wit wears a thousand different shapes.

COWLEY.

AS this essay will begin the year with some truth and humour, I beg to lay it before the Bards and Sapphos who do you, Mr. Editor, the honour to read your Monthly *farrago*. And since writing is really at a very low ebb, a subscription in behalf of the Nine Beggars of Pindus would be as grateful to their pockets as a Christmas-box is to the Bellman ; for if you reward him annually with a gratuity for his bad verses, surely a little consideration is due to him who writeth better. It is said, the Booksellers pay high prices for original matter ; such as Hawkesworth's Voyages, Robertson's History, &c. But these Gentlemen Booksellers don't give that sum without a happy certainty of making a deal thereby. Writing is not confined to quality, but quantity : some pay two guineas, and some pay four guineas a sheet, as Reviews, Magazines, &c. And this is thought to be very high wages : but for one Epigram of four lines, though worth all the sixteen pages, they would not give above two-pence. The best poetry is not at above one penny a line ; and when the glorious and immortal Dryden sold ten thousand lines in a lump, his man did not allow him, on an average, at the rate of three-farthings ; to prove which his receipt is extant.

Novels and Romances are lower.----

There are Ladies who write at the rate of three guineas a volume, and Gentlemen at five : and these are held at such an arm's-length by their literary tyrants, that they are never suffered to pass further than the shop ; Booksellers literally believing that Poets feed on air. There are some few Keepers of Circulating-Libraries who have their Scribblers clasped under the very sacred names of Homers, Virgils, Ovids, Sapphos, &c. And to see any of these flip-shod Genii of the Brains, you would believe they had begged their bread through all the cities of Greece : but there will be no contention for their births, or epitaphs on their deaths.

Some keep half a dozen Translators of Languages, at so much a sheet ; a business rather calculated to keep refractory authors quiet, than to feed them.

The authors of Newspapers are differently paid, and differently named. There are Epigrammatists, Essayists, Satyrists, Puffers, Paragraphers, and Wonder-makers ; all of whom are paid by the column, the line, and the paragraph. But of this class the Wonder-maker is the lowest, and the most harmless. He has six-pence a paragraph for his invention, for killing a man who is not dead ; which observe, is a *dead* shilling ; for he makes

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six-pence more by bringing him to life, and clearing up the error. He has the same price for throwing a Gentleman out of a two-pair of stairs window, and fracturing his skull, &c. and no more for marrying a couple who never saw one another, or giving a very good place to a man who wanted one; which is often the unlucky means of costing a person more money to entertain his friends on their congratulatory visits, than ever his place brings him in. I knew one of these Wonder-makers perplex an old Gardener, by giving him twenty thousand pounds in the lottery. The news flew abroad like feathered seed with the wind, and every plant, domestic and exotic, came to wish the old man joy. It was a week before he could contradict the news, which cost him 50. in chocolate, sweet wine, and cake.

But, amongst these various Harlequin Authors, there are others, again, who exit by translating the Bible, yet neither know Latin, Greek, or Hebrew: others, who write Histories of England---with scissars, as Sir John Hill did his Herbal; others who draw up advertisements and hand-bills for Taylors, Quacks, Perfumers, Tradesmen, &c. But of all niches (in the Pantheon of Wit and Taste for an Author) the Theatre is the most honourable. That is the Poet's Mint, provided the Managers would only be as generous to *their* pieces as they are to *their own*. You see it requires an apprenticeship before a man can set up a little haberdasher's shop of Sonnets, Rebuses, Catches, Glees, *Ænigmas*, and Acrostics.

But to give you some idea how you are entertained, behold a Poet's bill for journey-work for a magazine.

	<i>I. s. d.</i>
To 50 pages of genuine stéril- ing, unadulterated prose	2 10 0
To 20 Epigrams	0 10 0
To 10 Epitaphs	0 5 0
To 20 Toads of the fairest wo- men of these countries	0 2 6
Which is not at the price of Porter, for singing the praises of the first Ladies of beauty, wit, and fashion.	
To 12 Odes in praise of Great Men	0 6 0
To 6 Epistles---for those who never wrote one	0 3 0
To 2 Elegies on the late Suicides ---but to hide the cause	0 0 6

Total, 755 Lines for 3 17 0

Now, I appeal to Mercury, the *billet-doux* bearer of the skies, if ever this commodity called Poetry was ever sold cheaper than at present.

Ladies and Gentlemen who want a Panegyric, a Satire, a Sonnet, copy of Love Verses, or any thing in the retail way, may be supplied with the greatest secrecy, on the lowest terms; and if they choose to call the compositions their own, (as the late Lord Chesterfield called the *Song of Fanny blooming fair*, written by Moore, who wrote the *Foundling*, for which he gave him ten guineas) they may have the bantlings at the easiest rate. All letters, post-paid, will be duly answered. None but Principals need apply. Attendance is given at the Printer's, every morning from Ten to Twelve; and at the Bedford Coffee-house in an evening, after the play, by,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your sincere, and obliged servant,

TIMOTHY TAG-RHIME.

[*West. Mag.*]



## UNIVERSITY ANECDOTES.

### An Account of the Foundation of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

**J**OFRID, Abbot of Croyland, was very nobly extracted; his father Herbert was a Marquis, and his mother Hildeburga was sister of Alan Crown, Lord High Steward to King Henry the First. He was born at Orleans, and educated in a Monastery in that town, where he made himself master of all sorts of learning.

The stately Abbot of Croyland being lately burnt down by an accident, and

but meanly rebuilt, Joffrid projected the rebuilding it upon a noble and magnificent model; but computing the charge of the structure, he found the whole revenues of the Monastery would fall much short of the design. To get a sufficient fund, therefore, he procured a licence from all the English Prelates, to relax a third part of the penance to those that should contribute towards the rebuilding of the Abbey. If a man had been enjoined three days abstinence in a week, one was to be struck off. By the strength of this indulgence, he laid the foundation of the

Abbey

Abbey Church, and dispatched his Monks into all parts of England, and the neighbouring kingdoms, to beg their bounty, assuring them withal of the benefit of the relaxation. He sent one Gislebert, a Divine, and three others of his Monks, to Cambridge, to try their fortune. Here they hired a barn, and being all men of Academical learning, held forth in their respective faculties, and in a little time had a great number of scholars. The next year their audience increased to that degree, that no single house or barn was big enough to receive them. Upon this, they found it necessary to divide their company, and teach in distinct places: And here they followed the method of the Professors at Orleans. In the morning, very early, Odo, a celebrated Grammian, taught the boys Priscian's Grammar. At six o'clock Terricus read Aristotle's Logic. At nine, Friar William read a Rhetorical Lecture upon Tully and Quintilian. As for Gislebert, he preached upon Sundays and Holidays in several churches of the town, levelling his discourses chiefly against Judaism, which was attended with such success, that several renounced the Jewish errors, and were reconciled to the Church.

The Cambridge Scholars, who came from all parts of the country, made a very significant acknowledgment to these Monks for their trouble, insomuch that sometimes they returned a hundred a marks a-year towards the rebuilding the Monastery.

To continue this encouragement, Jofrid himself used, now and then, to make them a visit, and preach there; and having a great reputation for the pulpit, he was much crowded, both by the town and neighbourhood; and though he preached always either in French or Latin, which was not understood by the people, yet the venerableness of his person, and the rhetoric of his face and postures were such, that he frequently made the audience

weep, and collected a great deal of money for the service of his Monastery.--- And from this slender beginning the University of Cambridge grew up to a noble Seat of Learning.

*An Account of the founding of GREEK Lectures in the University of OXFORD.*

IN the year 1518, Cardinal Woolsey attended Queen Catharine, wife to Henry VIII. to Oxford. Upon his coming into the Convocation, he declared his intention to set up and endow Lectures there; and the next year his Greek Lectures were opened. It was the first of its kind; for what had been formerly done by Grocyn this way, had no salary, or public encouragement. However it seems this was by no means relished by the majority of the Scholars. One reason of their disgust was, the new pronunciation and method of teaching introduced by this Grocyn and Erasmus, but ignorance and idleness seem to have made their main exception. They foresaw this Lecture would bring fatigues, and encroach upon their diversions. They went so far as to form a sort of confederacy against the Greek part of the University; and to make their animosity against this language the more remarkable, they called themselves Trojans, and assumed the names of some of the most celebrated Heroes of that city, and under this distinction they raised a body against the Grecians, insomuch that no person that was known to understand Greek, could walk the streets without being pointed at and abused. But it was not long before this faction was beat off from their ignorant fallies, by the interposing of Cardinal Woolley and Sir Thomas More.

The flourishing of the Greek language in Oxford, raised an emulation in the University of Cambridge, who being solicited by their Chancellor, and by their Orator Croke, both good Grecians, soon began to make some progress this way.

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A N E C D O T E S.

*ORIGIN of the Term KIT-CAT, in Painting.*

THE term of Kit-Cat Painting arose from those celebrated wits, Addison, Congreve, Steele, &c. being drawn less than half-length, and being put up in a club-room which they frequented many

years. These portraits were most of them drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and were afterwards given to Jacob Tonson, the Bookseller. The man who kept the tavern was called Christopher Cat; from whence it was called the Kit-Cat Club; and that size in painting Kit-Cat also.

[West. Mag.]

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*The ARTFUL THIEF.*

A well-dres'd Sharper observing once a servant-maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistres's house, and that she had left the street-door quite open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table, in silver candlesticks. Without the least ceremony he takes a chair, and set himself opposite to her, and began with saying, "Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story, which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left her own door open; in the interim, in slips a Sharper, as I may do, and walks into a

room where her mistres, good woman, was fitting before the fire with two candles, as you may now do. Well---he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may be; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do, puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do, and then wished her a good night, which I do most sincerely wish you." He was going out of the door, when the maid finished her conversation, and coming up the steps, he accosted her with saying, "My dear, your mistres has rung twice for you;" and wishing her a good night, went clear off with the candlesticks.

## NEW THEATRICAL PIECES.

## DRURY-LANE.

*The COBLER.*

A Ballad Opera of two Acts, under this name, was brought out by Mr. Dibdin on the 9th of December, and tho' little can be said in favour of the plot or language of the piece, yet it would be unjust to with-hold from Mr. Dibdin the applause due to him for the exertion of his musical powers.—This part of the performance was extremely pleasing and lively, and to this only are owing the repeated hearings that the play has had.

The following are the favourite Songs with the Public.

*C A T C H.*

Come will you go, or will you not?  
We'll only call for t'other pot;  
'Tis a cold night, 'twill keep us warm,  
Another pot will do no harm.

No, let's be gone,  
The clock strikes one.  
Well, let it strike, and strike again,  
'Tis time enough to count it, when  
Our money's spent, and liquor gone,  
Then tell me the clock strikes one.  
Here, waiter! bring us t'other pot;  
Come, will you stay, or will you not?

*G L E E.*

Now wives and children make no noise,  
And care with mirth we feaſon;  
Let's push about the bowl, my boys,  
For drinking is no treason;

Here's love and friendship—hand and heart,  
To worth, here's health and freedom,  
May ev'ry rogue have his desert,  
More friends to those who need them.

*AIR*, by Mrs. NIPIKIN.  
Be easy, can't you, fye, for shame!  
Dear me, how I am treated?  
I'm sure you'd not be so to blame,  
But that you're 'toxicated.  
Pray, pray, be quiet, neighbour Snob,  
Don't act now so contrary;  
Make love to me—a pretty job,  
I'm quite in a quandary.

Surely the man's beside his wits,  
I won't then, Sir, be tumbled;  
You'll really fright me into fits,  
Oh, dear, how I am humbled!  
Again!—there's no enduring this;  
Well, there—are you contented?  
Better to give a fool a kiss,  
Than with him be tormented.

*The CHOLERIC MAN.*

THIS Comedy is written by Mr. Cumberland, and was performed for the first time on Monday, Dec. 19. The fable is as follows:

Mr. Nightshade, the Choleric Man, having retired from business into the country, cudgels his son and servants, quarrels with the vicar, and the generality of his neighbours, respecting tithes, poaching, &c. upon his manor; and in consequence thereof makes a journey to town,

town, in order to commence separate actions against the latter. The first visit he pays is to his brother Manlove, a man of temper, and a counsellor of Lincoln's Inn, who had changed his name for a considerable estate, and taken Nightshade's eldest son Charles for his heir, and given him likewise the name of Manlove, a circumstance the father could by no means brook. Nightshade, on his arrival, lays his cases of complaint before him for his opinion, who treating them with a deserved contempt, enrages him almost to a paroxysm of madness.

Soon after the father's arrival, his home-bred son Jack, an unlicked whelp, of whom he constantly boasted as the pattern of virtue and innocence, taking it into his head to have a polish, arrives in town also, and finding out the residence of his brother Charles, defies him not to *peach* him; but to lend him a suit of his fine cloaths, that he might see what it was to be a fine gentleman. Charles complying with his request, transfers him to the care of his uncle's clerk Dibble, a coxcomb of the quill, whom he desires to attend him.

Mr. Manlove being at this time employed in perusing some writings for Miss Letitia Fairfax, ward to Mr. Stapleton, a merchant in the city, where his brother Nightshade now took up his town abode, represents her to his nephew Charles as a young lady of infinite merit, accomplishments and fortune, and one whom he could wish to call his niece. Charles, enraptured with the description of her, readily consents to wait upon her; but thinking it more delicate that a first interview should be incog. procures a commendatory letter from his uncle to her (who had herself no small tate and execution in painting) as an artist of infinite merit in that profession.

Dibble having by this time made Jack Nightshade drunk, lays a plan for marrying him to his sister Lucy, maid to Miss Fairfax; and accordingly introduces him under his brother's name, Manlove, and calls her Miss Fairfax: ---Miss Fairfax soon observing him, and finding his name to be Manlove, the gentleman of whom her guardian spoke so warmly, is not a little chagrined; and the discovers her contempt of him to Manlove himself, who still addresses her in his disguise, in behalf of his friend Manlove: hence the plot: ---

Mr. Nightshade, in this interval, having taken offence at one of the Morning-Pot boys for blowing his horn in his ear,

strikes him a violent blow with his cane, and knocks him down; in consequence of which a great mob assemble about the house, and threaten to pull him out of it. Mr. Stapleton and family thinking it a fine opportunity to cure him of his choleric, alarm him with the tidings of the boy's death; after he is pretty well sweated, his brother arrives, and gives him a severe lecture on the effects of passion, tells him that he can rescue him from all his apprehensions, on his assurance, as an honest man, that he will never more lift his hand against man or beast. The Choleric Man now throws down his cane, and vows never to take up one more; in consequence of which he is informed of the humbug that has been played off upon him.

The piece terminates with Charles Manlove and Miss Fairfax unravelling the mystery which has deceived them both, by the former detecting Dibble's plot: ---the old man's discovery of his hopeful son in such extraordinary apparel, ---his violent exit, ---and the union of the happy pair.

#### PROLOGUE.

IN Athens once, as classic story runs,  
Thalia number'd fifty living sons;  
But mark the waste of time's destructive hand,  
One Bard survives of all this numerous band;  
Yet human genius seem'd as 'twou'd defy  
Time's utmost rage by its variety,  
For 'twas no wond'rous harvest in those days,  
From one rich flock to reap a hundred plays,  
Ah, could we bring but one of these to light,  
We'd give a thousand such as this to-night,  
Rome from her captiye took the law she gave,  
And was at once a mistress and a slave;  
Greece from her fall immortal triumphs drew,  
And prov'd her tutelar Miverva true:  
She, Goddess-like, confiding in her charms,  
To Mars resign'd the barren toil of arms,  
Full well assur'd, when these vain toils were past  
That wit must triumph over strength at last,  
Then finiling saw her Athens meet its doom,  
And crown'd her in the theatres of Rome:  
Nor murmur'd Rome to see our Terence shod,  
With the fam'ly flock in which Menander trod,  
Nor Lælius scorn'd, nor Scipio blush'd to fit,  
And join their plaudits to Athenian wit.  
Micio's mild virtue and mad Demes's rage,  
With burfts alternate shook the echoing stage,  
And from these models 'tis your Poet draws  
His best, his only hope of your applause.  
A tale it is to chace that angry spleen  
Which forms the mirth and moral of his scene,  
A tale for noble and ignoble ear,  
Something for fathers and for sons to hear:  
And shou'd you on your humble Bard bestow  
That Grace which Rome to her's was pleas'd  
to show,

Advantage with the modern fairly lies,  
Who, less deserving, gains as great a prize.

The

## The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 1. *Village Memoirs: In a Series of Letters between a Clergyman and his Family in the Country, and his Son in Town.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *sewed.* Davies.

PERHAPS the most agreeable and instructive scenes of human life are those which present us with the intercourse between a virtuous father and his children, at the time when the latter are just entering on the theatre of the world, and all the anxiety of parental affection is excited to establish their future happiness. At this period the salutary precepts which had been instilled into their youthful minds, begin to be combated not only by the natural passions of the heart, but by the baneful and contagious example of a depraved society; to the last of which, those likewise are most exposed, who have led the former part of their life in unsuspecting simplicity and retirement.

In the letters now before us, the correspondence is maintained by Mr. Paulet, a clergyman in the country, and his daughter, with his son, a youth of excellent principles, who is intended for the church, and has come to London in the capacity of a private tutor. The memoirs commence with an affecting account of the death of Mr. Arlington, a gentleman of great worth, and highly respected by Mr. Paulet. We presume we need make no apology for laying before our readers the following apothegms, said to be copied from the papers of that gentleman, and transmitted to young Mr. Paulet by his father. The sentiments they contain are striking and just; and if the whole cannot lay claim to perfect novelty, they are, however, so judiciously selected, as to be well entitled to a place among critical and prudential observations.

\* Remarks from the late Mr. Arlington's Papers.

1. Men are frequently most desirous of talking on those subjects they least understand--for the same reason perhaps as ladies at ninety-nine affect to have the tooth-ach.

2. Addison, a man of great judgment in other branches of literature, is scarce ever right when he criticizes the old English language.

3. No man can properly criticize Milton who has not carefully studied Euripides\*.

4. There ought to be an act of parliament against burying authors of eminence under their own ruins--Swift will soon be an example of this.

\* Mr. Arlington here probably alludes to Sampson Agonistes, many passages of which appear evidently to be borrowed from thence.

5. It has been objected against studying Thucydides, that he wrote a large folio comprising only a very short period,--the time indeed is short, but the writer made ample amends by the force of his descriptions, and the sublimity of his style,--and it is a sufficient encomium perhaps to say that he was studied by Demosthenes, and imitated by Sallust.

6. Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man* is certainly a very masterly performance in point of poetry; but the philosophy contained in it is flun'y and unconnected.

7. Sterne will be immortal when Rabliais and Cervantes are forgot,--they drew their characters from the particular genius of the times,--Sterne confined himself to Nature only.

8. Till my uncle Toby appeared I had used to assert, that no character was ever better drawn than that of Sir Roger de Coverley.

9. A man may as well give himself the trouble to copy nature as Sterne.

10. How much soever the ancients might abound in elegance of expression,--their works are very thinly spread with sentiment.

11. Education should be the mirror of former prejudices.

12. I have frequently thought that the duty of visiting the sick should not be veiled in the priest, for who knows but the constant sights of dying persons may in time render their hearts, like those of butchers and surgeons, callous and void of humanity.

13. A man by swearing may draw down a curse upon himself, but never one upon his neighbour.

14. It is said by Tacitus, that men lose their respect for you in proportion to the favours you bestow,--but as few perhaps know how to give with delicacy as others to receive with proper gratitude.

15. The parliament of England is formed in a manner not totally dissimilar from that of the ancient council of Amphitryons, or as it is called by Demosthenes, the whole Hellenic body.

16. The character of the King of Prussia, in many of the most remarkable strokes of it, strongly resembles that of Philip of Macedon.

17. True politeness is the unaffected result of good nature and good sense.

18. Turnpike roads and circulating libraries are the great inlets of vice and debauchery,--the ladies will say this remark is quite Gothic, but their husbands feel the truth of it too forcibly.

19. County races are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses, and the women precedence.

\* 20. Plausibilit

\* 20. Plausibility is a more marketable quality than good sense.

\* 21. The man who bids fairest for success, as candidate for any office where the public is principally concerned, is not he who has most friends, but he who has fewest enemies,—not he whose talents raise an idea of superiority, but he whose mediocrity begets respect.

\* 22. Ambitious men who meet with disappointments either become quite desperate, or sink into a state of indolence and insensibility.

\* 23. *What you please* means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

\* 24. How frequently a man draws his own character best, when he means to give you that of another person.

\* 25. In universities we see the triumph of learning over wealth—in manufacturing towns, the triumph of wealth over literature.

\* 26. No age ever gave stronger proofs of a certainty of a future state than the present, by the triumph of vice over virtue and religion.

\* 27. There is no instance, but in religion, where it is a compliment to approve the profession, and abuse the practice.

\* 28. A malevolent man is always very lavish in his encomiums on the dead, because he thinks it is an insult to the living.

\* 29. Mirth compared with cheerfulness is as the buzz of a mob to the sober applause of a thinking people.

\* 30. As religion rises in speculation, it will lose in practice.

\* 31. Metaphysics, however useful to detect the subtlety of other arguments, are often very detrimental to the proficients in them—Reason herself may be lost by refinement.

\* 32. The world generally asserts that spendthrifts have but half the fortune they really have, and that misers have at least twice as much.

\* 33. Young men are encouraged to take up general history much sooner than they ought.—I would have them strongly impressed with moral virtues, before they venture to read so dreadful a detail of crimes and misfortunes.

\* 34. Foreign travel is knowledge to a wise man, and folly to a fool.

\* 35. Man cannot be engaged in a deeper science than that of himself.

\* 36. Fashion is not only the greatest tyrant, but the greatest impostor.

\* 37. A man of bad morals can never be a patriot; for being destitute of virtue himself, he must ever wish to make his country like his own heart, a scene of anarchy and confusion.

\* 38. Some authors boast that they always write in haste—but what is this but in other words to say, that they are possessed of such wonderful talents, that the world may easily compound for error and neglect.

\* 39. We frequently condemn old people for their love of pleasure and company—but surely the morning of life is the best suited to business—the evening to society.

\* 40. Abuse is that tax which merit must always pay for its superiority.

\* 41. When maiden ladies come to a certain age, they do not reject the men so much from a love of virtue, as from resentment for the neglect that has long been shown them—they then begin to hate the male sex in general, from the inattention of particulars.

\* 42. In party disputes the prize is given to the most violent—but violence, we know, is the child of error.

\* 43. Was it not well said, that good-nature, like the God of nature, was not always extreme to mark what was done amiss?

\* 44. Men often complain of the fickleness of fortune—the error lies in their mistaking her benefits for perpetual gifts, instead of being grateful for a temporary loan.

\* 45. Because Plato "reasoned well," Cato is said to have fallen on his sword.—I fear it is because our modern infidels reason ill, that they so frequently become Suicides.

In the letters from young Mr. Paulet to his father, written soon after his arrival in London, we meet with such pertinent remarks on the manners of the capital, as might even do honour to the discernment of a Mentor, whose natural good sense had been improved by a long course of observation on human life. These remarks, as coming from a person in the character of a youth, strike the attention with peculiar energy; but we shall have making any extract from them, that we may give place to the injunctions of his father with respect to preaching.

In regard to sermons, let me ask you the following questions—have you studied Dr. Jeremy Taylor for matter and not for style? have you read Dr. Clarke for fine arguments and nice distinctions—Sherlock for strength and persuasion, and Jortin for plain reason, and sober sense—have you felt the sublimity of Warburton, and admired the concife elegance of Hurd?—You can answer, I hope, all these questions in the affirmative—Let me then advise you to buy all the sermons that Manwaring has ever published—would his pamphlets were folios! but for more common use attend to—study Bourdaloue—the length of your discourses should not exceed twenty minutes (few hearers can keep up their attention so long), but should you be dull, heavy, uninstructive, nay I will say uninteresting, half that time will be estimated an hour—a good sermon, delivered with propriety and earnestness, always attracts—even the infidel keeps his snuff-box in his pocket, and the ladies are silent about their fans; but once lost their attention, the whole air distills the dews of Morpheus, the 'prentice recollects the Saturday's fatigue, and his mistress is forced to pinch her husband to prevent a snore—in short, though I hate both,

I think

I think volatile essence is a better ingredient in a sermon than a downright opiate.---But what subjects must you chuse for discourses? ---here I should hesitate---by no means introduce party---never preach *at* any body; this is the fruit of private resentment, not of Christian zeal---don't pretend to expound very difficult texts---expositions of this kind become the *prebs* better than the *pulpit*---such disquisitions should be read, not heard---address the *senses* and the *heart*---quote not chapter and verse, but give the substance, and, if you could, the manner of St. Paul; for I am convinced that he preached not like ---or ---but like Hinchliffe, Porteus, or Hurd. Now and then take subjects from the *bible*, but most frequently from the *new testament*; a good comment on any sentence in our Saviour's sermon on the mount is of itself a full discourse, but you may make excursions, ---I have read excellent discourses against gaming, and very lately a most useful sermon against *inhumanity to brutes*. But where are you to preach? ---by no means for a constancy in a village, where your principal auditors will be only a few overgrown farmers. It is scarce possible to do much good amongst them---they will not regard you for your reasoning, but for your revenue; and I declare I would almost as willingly see you transported to live amongst the *New Zealanders*, as (after the education I have given you) that you should fall at last a dupe to gross ignorance and low conceit."

The several letters from Miss Paulet to her brother contain strong indications of the pernicious influence of a life of fashionable dissipation on the virtuous principles in which she had been educated, and are highly worthy the attention of the young and inexperienced female reader.

On the whole, these memoirs abound with precepts and examples of the greatest utility in the conduct of life. At the same time, that they treat of various subjects relative to literature and the polite arts, they warmly interest the heart in the fortune of an amiable family, whose instructive correspondence we would be glad to see continued in a future publication.---*Crit. Rev.*

*Medico-Mastix, or Physic Craft detected.* 40.  
Evans. 1s.

THE Author of this Poem, in his dedication to the Royal College of Physicians, (of whose body he is himself a worthy member) thus describes the manner in which the divine Hippocrates became the father of physic: "In those early dawning of the art, un-  
afflicted by the lights of natural and expe-  
rimental philosophy, of anatomy, and of  
the laws of the animal economy, he sensi-  
bly took nature for his guide; he studied  
diseases, observed their changes, and watched  
every symptom and its consequences; un-  
der so faithful a conductress, and after such

"a diligent and unwearied research, his prac-  
tice could not be but safe, successful, and  
honourable; and indeed his writings to  
this day (if it be not too presumptuous  
an expression) are almost the gospels of  
physick.

But continues he "How changed is the  
scene! in the full blaze of scientific im-  
provements, men, in these times, study not  
how to improve---but how to get practice,  
they boldly ascend the medical ladder by  
the most illiberal and unwarrantable steps.  
Empiricism assumes the character of know-  
ledge; and the ignorant coxcomb, by art-  
ful insinuations, obtrudes himself upon a  
weak and credulous multitude."

Filled with indignation against such illiterate intruders, the author is induced to offer this poem to the world: We select the following passages as specimens of its merit:

"*Talents, alike to all, are not allow'd,  
This man prefers, who better far had  
plough'd;*"

*Full many a Doctor in his chariot rolls  
Unfit for any cure---but mending soles---  
See up the pulpit smart *Tapee* advance,  
He should have taught young flippant miss  
to dance;*

*Thus Inclination, Genius we mistake,  
And this man *brews*; who shou'd have learnt  
to *bake*.*

"*Sound Learning like a mighty river strong,  
Moves with a silent Majesty along;  
On shallow *flowes* tumultuous billows crowd,  
And all is *foam* and *froth*---tho' *bursting loud*,  
No fine-spun systems *Science* will impart  
(The feum of Sophistry, the froth of Art)  
She'll lay her riches fairly to your view,  
And teach you only what is *just* and *true*.*

"*Visit the *Wood*, the *Mountain*, and the *Fields*,  
See what a rich variety they yield!  
Is there a *Plane*, an *Herb*, a *Rose*, that grows,  
On which kind *NATURE* nor her gift bestows?  
*HYGEIA* dwells in ev'ry painted flow'r,  
'Tis we call forth their pain-relieving  
pow'r.*

"*Visit the mansions of the sick and lame,  
These lead securely to the gates of *Fame*;  
There close survey disease's puzzling maze,  
And follow *NATURE* thro' her secret ways,  
Consider *Mars* in wretchedness of state,  
And learn to save him from impending fate  
Observe each rising symptom, and its *caue*,  
So shall you gain a grateful world's applause  
Mark'd for distinguish'd merit, foremost stand,  
*Physician, Scholar, Gentleman, and Friend.**

"*There are again---who thrive by low grimace,  
Dulness of parts, and impudence of face.  
Roll your gay-varnish'd coach from street  
to street;* [eat,  
Cringe, puff, give *Claret* and *good things to*  
Salute with courtly nod the fools you meet:  
It nought imports---the multitude you please,  
They'll pay light compliments---with weighty  
fees.

For healing every malady that's nam'd,  
*Pompos*, by his own report, is fam'd;  
 He not distributes hand-bills—but a *scout*  
 He lodges every where the town about,  
*Living advertisements*—a set of men  
 Who blaze his cures perform'd—no matter  
 when:

For him, at routs, old maids and matrons ply,  
 And praise their *sweet, dear doctor*—to the sky—  
 Ministrs he feasts, Pimps, Milliners, and  
 Dancers—

He knows by good account his end it answers.

*The Theorists; a Satire.* By the Author of *Medico Mastix*. 4to. 1s. *Kearfly.*

AS the Author's intent in the preceding Poem was to expose the ignorance of *Empirics*, and to vindicate the honours of the profession from the disgrace and shame of saucy pretenders;—he has in the Poem before us expos'd the absurd and dangerous folly of lugging in Theory by the head and shoulders in the practice of Phycic. This piece is written by way of dialogue between the Poet and his Friend; in which the former gives his reason for taking up the pen.

P O E T.

“ Pert *Theorists*, who dare perplex the art,  
 And pedant *Blockheads*, shall severely smart.  
 Can I be patient when a *Coxcomb* lectures,  
 And swells whole pages with his wild con-  
 jectures?

Talks of his *plus* and *minus*, nervous juices;  
 And with a *Q. E. D.* asserts their uses!—

“ Ye cannot tell me, spite of all you urge,  
 Why *Opium* lulls, and why shoud *Rhubarb*  
 purge?  
 What gives the *Bark* its *gangrene*-checking  
 force,  
 Or stops the chilling *Intermittent*'s course,  
 From such to hope infirction, wou'd be vain—  
 Themselves enlighten'd—what can they ex-  
 plain?—

F R I E N D.

Reflect, dear Sir, has *Theory* no share?  
*She* merits sure the watchful *Student*'s care.  
 If *Practice* only be sufficient knowledge,  
 Vain were the time bestow'd at school and  
 college;  
*Each* *plodder* of the *pharmaceutic* tribe,  
 Taught by his duty file—wou'd dare pre-  
 scribe;  
 Nor more behind his counter mix up flops:—  
*We* *have* *too* *many* *M. D.*'s from the flops.

P O E T.

I honour *Science*, and revere the *Arts*,  
 And wherefo'er I meet acknowledg'd parts,  
 They claim my warmest wishes for success:—  
 But, when the man of cunning and address,  
 To subtle *subterfuge* and *craft* applies,  
 Shall not my bosom swell? my bile not rise?  
 With grave attention when your pulse he  
 feels,  
*The* *pedant* *Chronos* to his watch appeals,  
 And counts the quick successions of a stroke—  
 Will not such mummery my rage provoke?

The keen observer by the touch will know  
 Whether the fever be too high or low,  
 Without this pompous folly, vain parade:—  
 But now, *Deception* is become a trade,

In sweet *Philosophy*'s fequester'd cell,  
 Full well I know *Hygeia* loves to dwell,  
 To *Her* are *Phabus* and the *Muses* known,  
 They beam meridian splendor round her  
 throne.

From her far-searching and discerning eyes  
*Illusions* vanish—and *chimera* flies:  
*She* pities all the ravings of the schools,  
 And every dull perplexity of fools;  
 The bloated *System*, changing as the winds,  
 And the crude labors of *distemper'd* minds;  
*Her*'s *true knowledge*, permanent, and *fix'd*,  
*Her* *sterling metal* with *allay* *unmix'd*.

And shall vain triflers, and a pedant crew,  
 Mislead us from the way we should pursue?  
 Or say, shall idle *Theorists* pretend  
*Nature's* immutable decrees to mend?  
*Can algebraic numbers* *ascertain*

The fever's period?—or relieve from pain?  
*Can* figures (multiply them as you please)  
 Describe the cause and nature of disease?

Each rising symptom, to a cautious man,  
 Shall give more insight—than such *reasoners*  
 can,

Whose thousand jarring volumes disagree,  
 Save in their—*intricate* *futility*.  
*By these* not *Sydenham* fecur'd renown,  
 Adorn'd his temples with the *Pythian* crown;  
*In these* his youth not idly entertain'd,  
 And long the foremost of *Physicians* reign'd,  
*Did Lonninius theorise?*—*Riverius* rave?  
 Their plan was not to *wrangle*, but to *save*.  
 Each symptom they prescrib'd from *Nature's*  
 page,

And drew disease in every different stage;  
 No slave to *Theory*'s deceiving wiles,  
*Her* *false* allurements, and *her* dangerous  
 smiles,  
 Not hidden causes vainly they explor'd,  
 But how to health mankind might be restor'd:—  
*This sage Experience* taught—*She* ne'er mis-  
 takes,

Nor, those who listen to her voice, forsakes.

*Nature* is ever steadily the same—  
 If *Doctors* blunder—*She* is not to blame.  
*She*, from the spring of *Truth*, her knowledge  
 draws,  
 And not from *Theory*'s fantastic laws.  
 Shall such *important nonsense* be endur'd!—  
*Mechanic* *powers* no *patients* ever cur'd.

*Musiken Idaea*; or, a fiddle the best  
*Doctor.* 4to. 1s. *Kearfly.*

THE Author declares this little Poem only meant as the Coup d'Effai of a Comic Muse; the subject of his Poem is taken from an elegant Latin letter published by Mr. Johnston in 1766, addressed to Dr. Relhan. How far the Author of the present Poem has kept up to the wit and humour of the original, we leave our readers to judge from the following passages:—

MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS have (without a riddle)  
Remov'd distempers with—a FIDDLE.—  
When learned *Doctors* nought avail'd,  
And all their nauseous drugs have fail'd.—  
—What did *ORFEUS* not perform?—  
Could he not quell the boisterous storm,  
Tame savage beasts, and trees uproot,  
With the soft warbling of a flute?—  
Nay,—what's more wonderful to tell,  
Did he not take a trip to *Hell*?—  
And with a sweet melodious strain  
From *PLUTO*'s realms his wife regain?—  
How great must be that man's compassion!—  
Such dangerous trips—are out of fashion.  
On *Dolphin*'s back most kindly taken,  
A tune, *ARION*, sav'd thy bacon;—  
The *Theban* walls stood firm and strong,  
Rais'd by *AMPHION*'s 'witching song.—

—What says great *ÆSCULAPIUS*? hift!  
(The first M. D. upon the list) [tions,  
"When folks were feiz'd with wild commo-  
"In lieu of mixtures, purging potions,  
"I call'd in aid for *some buffons*,  
"Before I try'd the force of *Times*:  
"But *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*  
"Did best for them—as well as me."—

Let us for once, by way of pause,  
Enquire into the hidden cause  
Why *Harmony*, if well directed,  
Should influence the parts affected.

Observers, by experience, find  
Whatever helps to cheer the mind,  
Or can exhilarate and please,  
Undoubtedly removes disease;—  
For then the *blood*, and *nervous* juices,  
Flow undisturb'd within their *juices*.  
Besides *Physiologists* must own  
The *Nerves* all act in *UNISON*,  
Give life and spirits to the whole,  
And *harmonize* the human foul.

And, who would not, that had their choice,  
Prefer a *Harpsichord* or *Voice*?  
To *Bals*, *Julep*, *Drop*, and *Pills*,  
Provided they but cur'd their ills?  
This *Music* does—as seen before,  
And proofs we'll bring still many more.—

Thus far premis'd, consult we next,  
What *Plutarch* says upon the text:  
"When plagues the Grecian camps devour'd,  
"They ceas'd—by *FIDDLERS* overpower'd,  
"And as the Priests with *Hoops* advanc'd,  
"Away the dire contagion danc'd."—

When *Mis* is in the dumps, and low,  
The only remedy I know  
Is—**STRIKE UP FIDDLERS A COTILLON**,  
It cures her—for a half a million;  
The **SAME** apply'd, encourage **CAPERS**,  
The very best receipt for *Vapours*;  
And in the fits we call the **MOTHER**,  
There is not truly such another.

*A letter to a Member of Parliament on the present unhappy Dispute between Great-Britain and her Colonies.* 8vo. 11, *Walter.*

THIS writer is a zealous opponent of the  
claim maintained by the Americans in respect

to the right of imposing taxes. He strenuously contends that the first emigrants from Britain to America were as much under the authority of parliament in every act of legislature, in which he maintains taxation to be included, as those of their fellow-subjects who remained at home; and that when the first emigration took place, there was a tacit and implied condition on the part of the emigrants, "That they would continue to *abide*, as they would have done, had they remained *inhabitants within the realm of Britain*." He affirms that the law of nature and nations, the common sense of mankind, and the reason of the thing, all concur in establishing this doctrine, and that it would be the height of ignorance to tolerate colonies on any other terms. This being the state of the case, he maintains that the posterity of those emigrants at this day can claim no rights, privileges, or immunities, but such as their ancestors enjoyed.

He then proceeds to enquire, what change has been wrought in their political situation since their departure, either by grants from the crown, or by parliamentary concessions. With respect to the former, he observes, that the king could not grant more power than he possessed, the rights of the legislative power not being at the disposal of the executive. In regard to parliamentary concessions he insists, that the supreme power of parliament has been either expressly or tacitly announced in every grant, charter, or public instrument issued by the crown, from the original settlement of English plantations. To this purpose he cites several acts of parliament, by some of which the right of imposing taxes upon the commodities of the plantations was actually exercised, so early as the time of Charles II. and in almost all the subsequent reigns. The colonists, he says, complain that we tax them without their consent; but if this objection be solid and substantial, he observes that it must hold with equal force against every act of the British legislature, as well as in respect to taxes; it being a fundamental principle in our constitution, that no man is bound by any law to which he does not give his consent. As the result of the various arguments he produces, the author concludes with observing, that either America must recognize the legislative power of this kingdom in its full latitude, or set themselves up as independent states.—*Crit. Rev.*

*The Interest of the Merchants and Manufacturers of Great Britain, in the present Contest with the Colonies, stated and considered.* 8vo. 1s. *Cadell.*

THE Author of this performance, to balance the disadvantages confessedly imposed on the colonies, by restraints of their trade, enumerates the supposed favours conferred on them by parliament; beginning with the act for prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in England or Ireland, by which he means, as we

For healing every malady that's nam'd,  
*Pomposo*, by his own report, is fam'd ;  
 He not distributes *hand-bills*—but a *scout*—  
 He lodges every where the town about,  
*Living advertisements*—set of men  
 Who blaze his cures perform'd—no matter  
 when :  
 For him, at routs, old maids and matrons ply,  
 And praise their sweet, dear *doctor*—to the sky—  
 Minstrels he feasts, Pimps, Milliners, and  
 Dancers—  
 He knows by good account his end it answers.

*The Theorist; a Satire.* By the Author of *Medico Mafix*. 4to. 18. *Kearfly*.

AS the Author's intent in the preceding Poem was to expose the ignorance of *Empirics*, and to vindicate the honours of the profession from the disgrace and shame of fauzy pretenders ;—he has in the Poem before us expos'd the absurd and dangerous folly of lugging in Theory by the head and shoulders in the practice of *Phyfic*. This piece is written by way of dialogue between the Poet and his Friend ; in which the former gives his reason for taking up the pen.

P O E T.

“ Pert *Theorists*, who dare perplex the art,  
 And pedant *Blockheads*, shall severly smart,  
 Can I be patient when a *Coxcomb* lectures,  
 And swells whole pages with his wild con-  
 jectures ?  
 Talks of his *plus* and *minus*, nervous juices ;  
 And with a *Q. E. D.* affests their uses !—

“ Ye cannot tell me, spite of all you urge,  
 Why *Opium* fulls, and why should *Rhubarb*  
 purge ?  
 What gives the *Bark* its *gangrene*-checking  
 force,  
 Or stops the chilling *Intermittent*'s course,  
 From *luck* to hope instruction, wou'd be vain—  
 'Themselfes enlighten'd—what can they ex-  
 plain ?—

F R I E N D.

Reflect, dear Sir, has *Theory* no share !  
*She* merits sure the watchful Student's care,  
 If *Practice* only be sufficient knowledge,  
 Vain were the time bestow'd at school and  
 college ;  
 Each pledger of the *pharmaceutic* tribe,  
 Taught by his dusty file—wou'd dare pre-  
 scribe ;  
 Nor more behind his counter mix up slops :—  
*We* have too many *M. D.*'s from the *shops*.

P O E T.

I honour *Science*, and revere the *Arts*,  
 And wherefo'er I meet acknowledg'd parts,  
 They claim my warmth'd wishes for success :—  
 But, when the man of cunning and address,  
 To subtle *subterfuge* and *craft* applies,  
 Shall not my bosom swell ? my bile not rise ?  
 With grave attention when your pulse he  
 feels,  
 The pedant *Chronos* to his watch appeals,  
 And counts the quick successions of a stroke—  
 Will not such mummery my rage provoke ?

The keen observer by the touch will know  
 Whether the fever be too high or low,  
 Without this pompous folly, vain parade :—  
 But now, *Deception* is become a trade,  
 In sweet *Philosophy*'s fequester'd cell,  
 Full well I know *Hygge* loves to dwell,  
 To *Her* are *Phœbus* and the *Muses* known,  
 They bear meridian splendor round her  
 throne.  
 From her far-searching and discerning eyes  
*Illusions* vanish—and *chimera* flies :  
*She* pities all the ravings of the schools,  
 And every dull perplexity of fools ;  
 The bloated *Sytem*, changing as the winds,  
 And the crude labors of distemper'd minds ;  
*Her*'s *true knowledge*, permanent, and fix'd,  
 Her sterling metal with alloy unmix'd.

And shall vain triflers, and a pedant crew,  
 Mislead us from the way we should pursue ?  
 Or say, shall idle *Theorists* pretend  
*Nature*'s immutable decrees to mend ?  
 Can algebraic numbers ascertain  
 The fever's period ?—or relieve from pain ?  
 Can figures (multiply them as you please) *Decribe* the cause and nature of disease ?  
 Each rising symptom, to a cautious man,  
 Shall give more insight—than such *reasoners*  
 can,

Whose thousand jarring volumes disagree,  
 Save in their—intricate futility.  
 By *the* not Sydenham fecur'd renown,  
 Adorn'd his temples with the Pythian crown ;  
 In *the* his youth not idly entertain'd,  
 And long the foremost of Physicians reign'd,  
 Did Lommius theorise ?—*Riverius* rave ?  
 Their plan was not to *wrangle*, but to *save*,  
 Each symptom they prescrib'd from *Nature*'s  
 page,  
 And drew disease in every different stage ;  
 No slave to *Theory*'s deceiving wiles,  
 Her false allurements, and her dangerous  
 smiles,  
 Not hidden causes vainly they explor'd,  
 But how to health mankind might be restor'd :  
 This sage *Experience* taught—*She* ne'er mis-  
 takes,

Nor, tho' who listen to her voice, forsakes,  
*Nature* is ever steadily the same—  
 If Doctors blunder—*She* is not to blame.  
*She*, from the spring of *Truth*, her knowledge  
 draws,  
 And not from *Theory*'s fantastic laws,  
 Shall such important nonsense be endur'd !—  
*Mechanic* powers no patients ever cur'd.

*Maxim Iægeria; or, a fiddle the best*  
*Doctor.* 4to. 18. *Kearfly*.

THE Author declares this little Poem only meant as the Coup d'Effai of a Comic Muse ; the subject of his Poem is taken from an elegant Latin letter published by Mr. Johnston in 1766, addressed to Dr. Relhan. How far the Author of the present Poem has kept up to the wit and humour of the original, we leave our readers to judge from the following passages :—

MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS have (without a riddle) Remov'd distempers with—a **FIDDLE**, When learned *Doctors* nought avail'd, And all their nauseous drugs have fail'd.—

—What did **ORPHEUS** not perform?— Could he not quell the boisterous storm, Tame savage beasts, and trees uproot, With the soft warbling of a flute? Nay,—what's more wonderful to tell, Did he not take a trip to *Hell*? And with a sweet melodious strain From **PLUTO**'s realms his wife regain? How great must be that man's companion!— Such dangerous trips—are out of fashion. On **Dolphin**'s back most kindly taken, A tune, **ARION**, sav'd thy bacon; The **Theban** walls stood firm and strong, Rais'd by **AMPHION**'s 'witching song.—

—What says great **AESCAPIUS**? hist! (The first M. D. upon the list) [tions, “When folks were seiz'd with wild commo- “In lieu of mixtures, purging potions, “I call'd in aid for sum buffoons, “Before I try'd the force of Tunes: “But **Tweedledum** and **Tweedledee** “Did best for them—as well as me.”—

Let us for once, by way of pause, Enquire into the hidden cause Why **Harmony**, if well directed, Should influence the parts affected.

Observers, by experience, find Whatever helps to cheer the mind, Or can exhilarate and please, Undoubtedly removes disease; For then the **blood**, and **nervous** juices, Flow undisurb'd within their **juices**. Besides **Physiologists** must own The **Nerves** all act in **UNISON**, Give life and spirits to the whole, And harmonize the human foul.

And, who would not, that had their choice, Prefer a **Harpsichord** or **Voice** To **Bolus**, **Julep**, **Drop**, and **Pills**, Provided they cur'd their ills? This **Music** does—as seen before, And proofs we'll bring still many more.—

Thus far premis'd, consult we next, What **Plutarch** says upon the text: “When plagues the Grecian camps devour'd, “They ceas'd—by **FIDDLERS** overpower'd, “And as the Priests with **Harp** advanc'd, “Away the dire contagion danc'd.”—

When **Mis** is in the dumps, and low, The only remedy I know Is—**STRIKE UP FIDDLERS** a **COTILLON**, It cures her—for a half a million; The **SAME** apply'd, encourage **CAPERS**, The very best receipt for **Vapours**; And in the fits we call the **MOTHER**, There is not truly such another.

*A letter to a Member of Parliament on the present unhappy Dispute between Great-Britain and her Colonies.* 8vo. 1s. *Walter.*

THIS writer is a zealous opponent of the claim maintained by the Americans in respect

to the right of imposing taxes. He strenuously contends that the first emigrants from Britain to America were as much under the authority of parliament in every act of legislature, in which he maintains taxation to be included, as those of their fellow-subjects who remained at home; and that when the first emigration took place, there was a tacit and implied condition on the part of the emigrants, “*That they would continue to act, as they would have done, had they remained inhabitants within the realm of Britain.*” He affirms that the law of nature and nations, the common sente of mankind, and the reaon of the thing, all concur in establishing this doctrine, and that it would be the height of ignorance to tolerate colonies on any other terms. This being the state of the case, he maintains that the posterity of those emigrants at this day can claim no rights, privileges, or immunitiess, but such as their ancestors enjoyed.

He then proceeds to enquire, what change has been wrought in their political situation since their departure, either by grants from the crown, or by parliamentary concessions. With respect to the former, he observes, that the king could not grant more power than he possessed, the rights of the legislative power not being at the disposal of the executive. In regard to parliamentary concessions he insists, that the supreme power of parliament has been either expressly or tacitly announced in every grant, charter, or public instrument issued by the crown, from the original settlement of English plantations. To this purpose he cites several acts of parliament, by some of which the right of imposing taxes upon the commodities of the plantations was actually exercised, so early as the time of Charles II. and in almost all the subsequent reigns. The colonists, he says, complain that we tax them without their consent; but if this objection be solid and substantial, he observes that it must hold with equal force against every act of the British legislature, as well as in respect to taxes; it being a fundamental principle in our constitution, that no man is bound by any law to which he does not give his consent. As the result of the various arguments he produces, the author concludes with observing, that either America must recognize the legislative power of this kingdom in its full latitude, or let themselves up as independent states.—*Crit. Rev.*

*The Interests of the Merchants and Manufacturers of Great Britain, in the present Contift with the Colonies, stated and considered.* 8vo. 1s. *Cadeil.*

THE Author of this performance, to balance the disadvantages confessedly imposed on the colonies, by restraints of their trade, enumerates the supposed favours conferred on them by parliament; beginning with the act for prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in England or Ireland, by which he means, as we

we suppose, the act 12 Car. II.—But none of the favours he mentions can, as we think, be justly ascribed to a *partial* regard for the interests of the colonies, which have always been considered, at most, but as secondary to those of the parent state. And indeed the only true reason for prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in these kingdoms, is in the preamble of the act itself declared to be, “*that by planting thereof, your Majesty is deprived of a considerable part of your revenue, arising by customs upon imported tobacco;*” for which reason its cultivation has been likewise prohibited in France, where the government cannot be supposed to have any particular solicitude for the prosperity of Virginia, &c.

We shall lay before our readers the conclusion of the pamphlet, which respects the motives and views of the Americans in the present dispute; and shews that this writer's principal aim is to prevent any interference of the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain in behalf of the people of America.

‘ I acquit them of any intention of separating from Great Britain; for I believe them too wise to renounce all the advantages of being treated as Englishmen in Great Britain and throughout the world; of enjoying the protection of her fleet and armies equally with the people of England; and at the same time, neither contributing revenue to their support, or dealing with her for any thing they can buy cheaper, or sell dearer elsewhere. They would no doubt like to continue to have the monopoly of supplying the British West-India islands with lumber and provisions; to have the monopoly of supplying Great Britain and Ireland with tobacco; to receive large bounties upon other of their products out of the revenue of England; to have the advantage of fishing on the English fishing banks of Newfoundland; and in the gulph and river of the English conquered colony of Quebec, provided they continued to pay no revenue, were subject to no restraints upon their trade, but might carry their commodities wherever they thought fit, import all sorts of goods from all countries, and lay out their money wherever they found they could buy cheapest. This is all very natural; and no one can blame the colonies for seeking what is so evidently for their own interest; but that they should expect the people of England, the trading part especially, to countenance them in their pursuits of a plan so manifestly ruinous to them, is indeed such a proof of their contempt for our understandings as no people ever gave before. They plainly tell the British merchants, “Gentlemen, we have now made fortunes out of your capital, and we find that the people in England pay such heavy taxes for the payment of the interest of a debt, which they contracted in our defence; and for the maintenance of a military force, of which we enjoy the protection; that some of their manufactures come higher charged to us, than we can get the like for

from Holland or France: we also find, that from the same cause they cannot afford to give as high prices for some of our commodities, as we can sell them for in other countries. Now there are certain acts of parliament, which oblige us to come to you for what we want; and to carry to you many of our commodities in payment, we desire therefore that you will assist us in our endeavours to set aside the authority of these laws, that we may trade where we will; and come no more to you but when we cannot do so well elsewhere. There is another thing too which we want you to join us in; we are prevented by an act of parliament from entailing our estates to the prejudice of our English creditors; we now owe them about four millions, and if this act was out of our way, we could make all our families rich at once, by purchasing lands, and building houses, with this money, and settling them upon our children, instead of paying our English creditors: but as we are afraid the parliament might perceive our drift, in applying for repeals of these laws, or if they even repealed them now, they might hereafter re-enact them, or others of a like nature, which would defeat our purpose of rising upon the ruins of England; we have taken up a resolution of getting rid of all these acts at once, and at the same time making ourselves secure against all future acts that might be made to our prejudice, or for your benefit. This resolution is no other than to deny the authority of the legislature to make any acts whatever to bind us. In this our grand purpose, we hope you will do all you can by petitioning, instructing, and remonstrating in our behalf; for if you do not join us in destroying yourselves, we tell you once for all, that we will neither buy goods of you, nor pay you for those already bought, for we are determined to carry our point by one means or another.”

‘ I appeal to the understandings of my countrymen whether this is an exaggerated representation of the colony claims, as set forth and stated in their several pamphlets, and the resolutions of their public assemblies. And I think I need not use any further arguments to convince the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain, how fatal to their interests the success of the colonies in their designs must be. The continuance of their trade to the colonies, clearly and entirely depends upon the laws of England having authority there. It is their operation which binds the commerce of the colonies to this country. It is their operation which gives security to the property of the trader sent thither. Give up the authority of parliament, and there is an end to your trade, and a total loss of your property. But if that authority is supported and maintained, the trade of the colonies must remain to Great Britain, and the property you intrust them with will remain secure, protected by acts of parliament made in your behalf.’

The

The opposition of the Americans to the British legislature, is here considered rather in the light of ingratitude, than as unconstitutional. As far, however, as the pamphlet exhibits a retrospective view of the conduct of Great Britain towards her Colonies, it may serve to shew that her policy has been dictated by a regard to the reciprocal interest of both countries.—*Crit. Rev.*

*A Speech never intended to be spoken, in Answer to a Speech intended to have been spoken, on the Bill for altering the Charter of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay. Dedicated to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. A—h. 8vo. 11. Knox.*

THE writer of this speech declaims with some spirit and plausibility: but when he *endeavours*, or rather *pretends*, to reason, we cannot but pity either the *weakness*, or the *abuse* of his faculties.—The supposed Right Reverend Author of the 'speech intended to have been spoken' had conceded all the rights claimed by parliament over the colonies, and opposed only what he thought a pernicious exercise of those rights: he imputed folly to the measures of government, rather than injustice or oppression. His antagonist however has wantonly drawn the matter of right, into a question, with a vain hope of proving what was already conceded: for this purpose he advances, as a fundamental position, 'that by the constitution representation is not necessary to taxation.'—An assertion so contrary to the letter and spirit of numerous acts of state, as well as repugnant to all that has been *written* and *believed* of English rights or of English government, would seem at least to require one *substantial* proof; but instead of this we find only 'two confederations'; the first is, that parliament in the times of our Saxon ancestors, from whom we boast that the spirit and form of our constitution is derived, assented and levied taxes before the commons sat in parliament by representation.—Anciently all English free-men were admitted personally to parliament, and could therefore have no need of representation. By the statute, *de tallagio non concedendo*, King Edward the First expressly declares, that 'no tallage or aid shall be taken or levied by us or our heirs in our realm, without the good will and assent of the arch-bishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the land.' There are various other statutes also which make the *consent* of the subjects in general necessary to authorise taxation; and this *consent* can only be given either in *person* or by *representation*; and the latter method for convenience, was at length constantly substituted for the former. In all times therefore the right of *consent* has remained; but could it even be proved, that there has been a time in which the people have had no share in the powers of legislation and taxation, they must then have lived under a *form of government*, very

different from that which has since been the *boast* and *felicity* of Englishmen, and it must therefore be very absurd to conclude anything concerning the nature of our present constitution from practices prevailing before this constitution was formed or established. His 'second consideration is, that there are more subjects unrepresented in England and yet taxed, than there are inhabitants in British America.'—The right of voting at the choice of representatives belonged to every English freeman until the reign of Henry the Sixth, and its restriction at that time, was a departure from the spirit of our free government. The right has however always existed, though not in an equal division; (which indeed is not possible) and those who have ceased to exercise the right, have by the constitution been considered as enjoying a *virtual representation*; from which they have derived a *real security*; being affected by no law or tax which does not equally bind the representatives and their electors also: and this is a circumstance of great importance, because, as *Sidney* has observed, 'the hazard of being ruined by those who must perish with us is not so much to be feared, as by those who may enrich and strengthen themselves by our destruction.' The people of America therefore, whilst taxed by *parochial* laws, and wholly deprived of *all* representation, consider their case as very different from that of another people, who enjoy that privilege, under the single defect of having it unequally shared among them: and they particularly complain, that whilst every subject possessing freehold property in Great Britain, of the yearly value of forty shillings, enjoys the right of voting for representatives, there are three hundred thousand American free-holders, possessing similar qualifications, who have not altogether a single suffrage for a single representative.

After denying the existence of representation, our Author *very confidently* affirms, 'that the parliament is collectively the representative of the British empire,' and as a second fundamental position maintains, 'that the Americans are represented therein. Had he indeed proved an assertion so contrary to truth and common sense, it might have been necessary to revive the laws against *witchcraft*. But on examination, his proofs do not appear the refutal of any supernatural aid: indeed they hardly discover the assistance of reason: though he has alledged one 'authority (as he says) inferior only to divine revelation:' and this is an expression in 'the petition or supplication of parliament to Queen Mary in 1554' wherein they speak of themselves as 'representing the whole body of the realm of England and dominions of the same,' which realm and dominions have been commonly described in the *Acta Rezia* of those and subsequent times, as consisting of 'our kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed,' all of which then actually sent representatives

sentatives to parliament. We think therefore that a man cannot be said to *reason*, who, because parliament in 1554, was considered as representing places which were actually represented therein, concludes, from thence, that the same parliament intended to declare themselves the representatives of America, which they actually did not represent, and which was not even inhabited by a single subject of the crown: and yet this is the only pretended proof to support the fundamental assertion in question; and so well is he satisfied with it, that he exultingly expatiates on the *glaring absurdity* of contending that, 'it is the criterion of British liberty to be taxed by parliament,' and is tyranny in that parliament to tax the Americans? though a little attention to the *relations* of things, might probably have discovered to a reasonable man, that the very circumstances which make it safe and desirable for the people of Great Britain to be taxed by parliament, make it unsafe and grievous for another people to be taxed by that parliament. The commons of Great Britain in imposing taxes within the realm, grant what they and their constituents must pay. But in taxing the people of France, they would grant the property of others and make *gifts* which cost nothing either to themselves or their constituents; and in taxing the people of America, they not only grant supplies of which they pay no part, but have the additional satisfaction of thereby *soaring* their own money and that of their constituents. In a protest against the repeal of the stamp act, signed by thiray-three of the lords, it is declared to be 'the indispensable duty of parliament to tax the colonies in order to *ease* the gentry and people of Great Britain.' It has therefore been feared that under such convictions of the duty of Parliament, the love of *ease* so natural to 'the gentry,' might in some future age operate so as to render the people of America *uneasy*, if they should patiently submit to the exercise of parliamentary taxation.

In defence of the supposed expediency of the late measures which now threaten us with alarming consequences, our Author offers very little: indeed at one *lucid interval* he seems to condemn them; declaring '*ex post facto* acts of parliament' to be 'dangerous in civil, and tyrannical in criminal questions'; and proposing that 'instead of passing empty unavailing declarations of the rights of parliament, and constituting ourselves judges in our own cause,' we should 'try the right like men,' by submitting the dispute to 'be judged by the fates of the law—the twelve Judges of England'; and that 'in the mean time every hostile, every penal proceeding against America may be stopped, and mercy, like the dew from heaven, may fall on the heads of the deluded and misguided Colonists; in whom the love of liberty, and their *natale suum* cannot be an unpardonable offence in the sight of Englishmen.'

—*Monthly Rev.*

*The Works of George Lord Lyttleton, formerly printed separately, and now first collected together; with some other Pieces never before printed. Published by George Edward Ayscough, Esq. 4to. 1l. 5s. boards. Dodgley.*

IN the valuable remains of literary merit, which this agreeable miscellany affords us, Lord Lyttleton appears before the public under the several characters of the judicious critic, the entertaining traveller, the wife and upright statesman, and (which does him greater honour than all the rest) the *good man*.

The following extracts are taken from two letters to Mr. Bower, giving an account of a journey into Wales.

Ludlow is a fine handsome town, and has an old castle, now in a neglected and ruinous state; but which, by its remains, appears to have been once a very strong fortress, and an habitation very suitable to the power and dignity of the Lord President of Wales, who resided there. Not far from this Town is Oakley-park, belonging to Lord Powis, and part of that forest which Milton, in his *masque*, supposes to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquished: but, at the revolution of every seven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town, as Lord Powis knows to his cost, for he has spent twenty or thirty thousand pounds in entertaining them at these feasts; which is the reason that he has no house at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the situation deserves it; for there are many scenes, which not only Comus, but the lady of Milton's *masque*, would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of, from a man of good taste; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we passed through a country very romantic and pleasant in many spots: in which we saw farms so well situated, that they appeared to us more delightful than Clermont or Burleigh. At last we came by a gentleman's house, on the side of a hill opening to a sweet valley; which seemed to be built in a taste much superior to that of a mere country squire. We therefore stopt, and desired to see it, which curiosity was well paid for: we found it the neatest and best house, of a moderate size, that ever we saw. The master, it seems, was bred to the law, but quitted the profession about fifteen years ago, and retired into the country, upon an estate of 500. per annum, with a wife and four children; notwithstanding which incumbrances, he found means to fit up the house in the manner we saw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hills about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable prospect seen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you see how vulgar minds value such improvements, I must tell an answer made

made by our guide, who was servant to Lord Powis's steward, and spoke, I presume, the sense of his master; upon our expressing some wonder that this gentleman had been able to do so much with so small a fortune; "I do not, said he, know how it is, but he is always doing some nonsense or other." I apprehend, most of my neighbours would give the same account of my improvements at Hagley.—

"From hence we travelled, with infinite pleasure, (through the most charming country my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint,) to Powis castle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago; but there are still remains of a great house, situated so finely, and so nobly, that, were I in the place of Lord Powis, I should forsake Oakley-parks, with all its beauties, and fix my seat near there, as the most eligible in every respect. About 3000l. laid out upon it would make it the most august place in the kingdom. It stands upon the side of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, and the town of Welshpool, terminated with high mountains. The opposite side is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is the park; and still higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all description. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, is to my eye the most beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I shall find any place there superior or equal to it; because the Highlands are uncultivated, and the Lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably shaded with edge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn-fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large, and the mountains, that rise like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the scene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, because at Powis-castle they appear at such a distance as not to destroy the beauty and softness of the country between them. There are indeed some high hills within that inclosure, but, being woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place.—

"We came to Feftinog, a village in Merionethshire, the vale before which is the most perfectly beautiful of all we had seen. From the height of this village you have a

view of the sea. The hills are green, and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields, along the sides of the hills; at each end are high mountains, which seemed placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With a woman one loves, with a friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Feftinog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his first wife he had thirty children, ten by the second, four by his third, and seven by two concubines; his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest, and 300 persons descended from his body attended his funeral.

It is impossible to peruse his letters to his father, without being charmed with the manly and virtuous sentiments which he discovers, and particularly with the unaffected ardor of filial affection which runs through the whole. The following specimens, while they justify our remark, will, we are certain, afford much pleasure to those of our readers, who have not suffered false taste to eradicate the principles of nature.

#### L E T T E R VI.

"Dear Sir,      Lunedville, Aug. 18.

"I wrote to you last post, and have since received yours of the 20th. Your complaints pierce my heart. Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience; and perhaps, after all, I may return and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness, that I am ready to wish you would recall me, and save the charge of travelling: but, no; the world would judge perversely, and blame you for it: I must go on, and you must support me like your son.

"I have observed with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your cheerfulness of mind impaired. My heart has ached within me, when I have seen you giving yourself up to a melancholy indifference, which makes you fear the worst in every thing, and seldom indulge those pleasing hopes which support and nourish us. O, my dear Sir, how happy should I be, if I am able to restore you to your former gaiety! People that knew you some years ago say, that you was the most cheerful man alive. How much beyond the possession of any miseries will be the pleasure I shall experience, if, by marrying well, I can make you such once more. This is my wish, my ambition, the prayer I make to heaven, as often as I think on my future life. But alas! I hope for it in vain, if you suffer your cares and quietudes to destroy your health, what will avail my good intentions, if they are frustrated by your death? You will leave this

world without ever knowing whether the promises of your son were the language of a grateful heart, or the lying protestations of a hypocrite. God in heaven forbid it should be so! may he preserve your health, and prolong your days, to receive a thousand proofs of the lasting love and duty of the most obliged of children! We are all bound to you, Sir, and will, I trust, repay it in love and honour of you. Let this support and comfort you, that you are the father of ten children, among whom there seems to be but one foul, of love and obedience to you. This is a solid, real good, which you will feel and enjoy when other pleasures have lost their taste: your heart will be warmed by it in old age, and you will find yourself richer in these treasures than in the possession of all you have spent upon us. I talk, Sir, from the fullness of my heart, and it is not the style of a dabbler. Do not, my dear Sir, suffer melancholy to gain too far upon you: think less of those circumstances which disquiet you, and rejoice in the many others which ought to gladden you: consider the reputation you have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity, so uncommon in this age! Imagine that your posterity will look upon it as the noblest fortune you can leave them, and that your children's children will be incited to virtue, by your example. I don't know, Sir, whether you feel this; I am sure I do, and glory in it. Are you not happy in my dear mother? Was ever wife so virtuous, so dutiful, so fond? There is no satisfaction beyond this, and I know you have a perfect sense of it. All these advantages, well weighed, will make your misfortunes light; and, I hope, the pleasure arising from them will dispel that cloud which hangs upon you, and sinks your spirits. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, G. L.

Expressing, in another letter, his dissatisfaction in the thought of returning to Luneville, he says:

"Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quêtes bœvres d'estive*, as the politesse practised in that is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

"The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and deprives my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company, where one fears too much to be disapproved; and the very notion of being ill received, has as had an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason, why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance & contempt for all I have been taught to value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I know there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

"But supposing no danger in this brutal unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals, and understanding? A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Don't imagine, dear Sir, that I am setting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's, when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagancies that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace, attending them. Youth is agreeable in its follies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head, and an honest heart, are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Luneville, and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some undoubtedly; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther on this head; if you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough: If you don't, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confidant of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear Sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you; and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. —

"I believe there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune: but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense, as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

"This is so much the dearer to me, as it is the source of all the rest, and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependent on my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation. I am persuaded that no weaknesses or failings, which do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing of it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly or meanly, is really making the first step towards it."

We add the following letter, which exhibits a striking pattern of conjugal tenderness and genuine piety, for the sake of such of our readers as are disposed to admire and imitate such kind of merit. Let others ridicule—it is impossible they should despise it.

## LETTER XLI.

Dear Sir, Jan. 17, 1747.

It is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found she had been much worse again, so that our alarm was as great as ever. She has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear that the good symptoms which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does after such violent flurries, and such great sinkings, one would hope that Nature is strong in her, and will be able, at last, to conquer her illnes.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to that, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health it is yet tolerably good; tho' my heart has gone thro' as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed, than I thought it could have borne; and you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will make use of all the supports that reason or religion can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains, that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete: but as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretell: but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert W—— would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope, which is an ad-

vantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure, we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes.—God send it may come well at last! I am, dear Sir,

“Your most afflicted, but most affectionate son,

“G. L.”

We have not been able to peruse the work before us, without forming a comparison between these letters from a son to a father, and those from a father to a son, which have of late so much engaged the publick attention. The contrast between the spirit that breathes through each, is striking; and we have too good an opinion of human nature, and of the taste and principles of the present times, to doubt whether the generality of our readers will not be better pleased with the young man, declaring to his father in unaffected language, “his strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly,” than with the father, prompting his son to the pursuit of dishonourable and illicit pleasures; and we hope we may venture to prophesy, that the virtues of a LYTTLETON will be remembered with respect, when the grace of CESTERFIELD shall be forgotten.

Our retired situation affording us few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the characters of the great, we are particularly happy in being informed by the editor of the *Miscellanies*, in the *dedication*, that their noble Author, so justly admired and regretted, has left behind him a son who has “talents which are certainly equal to those which his father possessed,” and who makes such good use of them, that the hopes of his friends “are already foretold, and their wishes even at this early period, nearly accomplished.”

*Morality Review.*

*Three Tracts on Bath Water.* By R. Charlton, M. D. physician to the General Hospital, &c. 4s. in boards. Printed for Taylor at Bath, and Baldwina in London.

The first of these Tracts contains a chemical analysis of Bath Waters, published some years ago, which has long lain out of print from a desire which the author says (in an advertisement prefixed to the tract) he had of rendering it more perfect: For this purpose he made many experiments of his own, and waited for the publications of other physicians on the subject, but he has not been able to collect any thing material to induce him to depart from his original sentiments, or to add to them, except one discovery made by Dr. Falconer, who has found that fixible or mephitic air enters the composition of these waters in considerable quantity.—From the several ideas which the principal Analyzers of these waters entertain of their contents, (says Dr. Charlton) may be seen in what particulars they all agree, and in what they differ:

“In

"In the opinion of the Author of this Analysis, the ingredients which impregnate these springs are iron, earth, common sea salt, a neutral salt, elementary fire, and a sulphureous matter.

"In the opinion of Dr. Lucas, their principles are iron, an absorbent earth, common sea salt, a prismatic bitter salt, a portion of oil, and a vitriolic acid *per se*.

"In Dr. Falconer's opinion, they are composed of iron, selenites, and common sea salt, common air, mephitic air, and *hepar sulphuris cum calce viva*.

"From this view it may be observed, that all these analysers agree in allowing the Bath water to contain iron, common sea salt, earth, and a sulphureous matter. But they differ in their sentiments about the existence of a vitriolic acid *per se*."

The Tract before us is divided into five chapters; the first of which treats of the mineral substances which the current of the Bath springs forces out of the earth,—the principal of which is a very peculiar sort of sand, of a dark grey colour, in which is found (on a chemical examination) an *alcaline* principle, iron and brimstone. To this succeeds a soft black mud, of a strong sulphureous smell, which being rubbed on silver changes it black.

The second chapter proves, by various experiments, that a *chalbybeat* principle exists in these waters.

In the third chapter the author has also, by many judicious experiments, endeavoured to decide a long controverted point, whether the sulphureous substance found in the Bath sand actually enters the composition of the waters.\* This point we think the ingenious author has clearly evinced to be the case; and that this sulphureous impregnation is not common brimstone, but the bituminous part of that mineral, which is an exceeding fine aromatic balsam, and which only bears this resemblance to it, that they both give a like colour to spirit of wine.†

The fourth chapter treats of the saline and earthy principles of the Bath waters.

Having shewn in the preceding chapters that these fountains of health are constituted by elementary fire, air, and a fine aromatic balsam, mixed together and dissolved in pure water, the ingenious author proceeds in the fifth chapter to explain the manner in which they

\* "As a convincing proof that sulphur is intimately concerned in the production of these waters, it will be proper here to mention, that when the spring of the Hot Bath was last summer secured, a considerable quantity of this mineral was found adhering to the stones of the old foundation, which, upon examination, gave every proof of its being common brimstone. These stones lay 10 feet below the ground plat of the bath; so that the sulphur, which was lodged between their crevices, must have been brought thither by the water issuing from its source."

† Brimstone consists of an *alcaline* part, an *acid* spirit, and a bituminous matter;—the latter of which only is capable of producing this effect.

are impregnated, which he supposes to be by common spring water running through beds of pyrites, or inflammable metallic bodies chiefly composed of iron and brimstone. To illustrate this supposition Dr. C. made the following experiment:

"I mixed (says he) with equal quantities of filings of iron and of stone brimstone, both reduced to a powder, about four times their weight of free-stone sand. This composition was moistened into a paste with common water. In about fifteen hours it became so violently hot as to break in pieces a strong earthen pan in which it was kept; and it had lain scattered, & smoaking on the ground, for some time before the accident was discovered.

"This accident rendered a repetition of the experiment necessary; which being made in a metalline vessel, the success was equal to expectation; for the water poured on this mixture grew hotter than that of the bath, and having inadvertently suffered a Fahrenheit's thermometer to sink too deep among the ingredients, the mercury was flung up to the utmost extent of the tube, whose scale measured 393 degrees, and the bulb of it burst."

The water in which the above composition was digested, threw up a little scum on its surface, and deposited an ocre on its sides like the Bath water. It was transparent and vivid; had an agreeable chalybeat taste; and differed not from the Bath water in any particular but what might be supposed to arise from the different proportions of their several ingredients.

"To shew, from the action of these bodies on each other, how the several principles of Bath waters are produced, it must be premised, that iron powerfully attracts acids; and that the acid spirit of the brimstone, when these two bodies come into close contact, causes a solution of the iron; and by this means it is converted into a salt or vitriol, which makes their chalybeat principle.

"When the acid spirit is thus separated from the brimstone, its bituminous and alkaline parts only remain: The former of which being rendered soluble in water by the assistance of the latter, constitutes the sulphureous principle of the Bath waters. Hence we see it is impossible that these springs should contain common brimstone, as in their production the texture of that mineral is entirely destroyed, and it is robbed of one of his constituents.

"The *alcaline* principle of the Bath waters is supplied either from freestone sand, or some chalky earth: Probably from the latter, as the artificial water was found to contain less of this ingredient than the natural one."

The Author ascribes the great degree of heat in these waters to elementary fire; which (says he) if it exists in any bodies at all, does to most eminently in iron and brimstone. It should seem then, that these waters, by washing off, separating, and taking up, in their passage through the earth, the particles of these minerals, set at liberty this imprisoned element, which thereupon communicates its warmth and activity to the fluid."

We shall resume our Review of the two remaining Tracts (which relate to the Virtues of these waters) in a future Miscellany.

The

*The Anatomy of the Human gravid Uterus exhibited in Figures.* By William Hunter, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. &c. Largo Folio. 6l. 6s. Cadell.

THIS description of the gravid uterus is one of the greatest productions in anatomy. The extraordinary splendor of the work, joined to the fidelity of representation, must secure it universal applause; and we have only to regret, as a loss to the medical world, that it cannot be afforded cheaper. —*Crit. R.*

*The Rival Ball Rooms; or, a collection of all the Pieces published in favour of the New and Old Assembly-Rooms at Bath, during the Disputes about settling the public amusements, in the Autumn Season, 1774.* 12mo. 1s. Crutwell and Newbery.

TO those who frequent or are acquainted with this elegant place of polite resort, a perusal of these papers may afford no small degree of entertainment. What gave rise to this contest (which has been maintained with great warmth by both parties) appears to have been a laudable desire in the Company to make a more adequate division of the public amusements between the New Assembly-Rooms and the Old; the former of which are kept open by 70 proprietors, the latter by an individual;—at the head of those who opposed this monopoly of the public favours, stand the names of two of the most respectable Noblemen in this kingdom;—but we are sorry to say that their influence proved ineffectual to bring about that reconciliation and harmony which is so necessary and desirable in this delightful region of elegance and taste. For the sake of the interest as well as the peace of the city, we hope, however, that reconciliation will soon take place, and that the animosity of the pretent rivalship will subside into a mutual emulation to promote the entertainment of the Company.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LIST of NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**I**NSCRIPTIONS antique, plerique non-dum editae: in Asia Minor & Gracia, praesertim Athenis, collectae. Cum Appendix. Excerpta editidicte Ricardus Chandler, S. T. P. Coll. Magd. & Soc. Antiq. Socius. Fol. 1l. 5s. boards. Dodslcy.

*This publication will be a lasting monument of the editor's amazing industry, accuracy, and learning, in the department of an antiquarian.*

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*An incoherent rhapsody.*

FLOWERS

## FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany  
GENTLEMEN,

The subject of the following Poem is local, but will not be the less agreeable to those who are acquainted with that most delightful part of the county of Wilts which is the scene of it, nor the less proper for a Miscellany issuing from Sarum and Bath.

## PRIZE POEM.

*Filia voluptatis causa fuit proxima veris.* HOR.

## WILLY and AVONA.

Of all the NAIADS sprung from earth and air,  
AVONA shone the fairest of the fair :  
A silver zone begirt her snowy breast,  
Such as of old the *Paphian* goddes grac'd ;  
Beneath, a lucid robe, sky-tinctur'd, shew'd  
Her easy limbs within the robe that flow'd ;  
Her tresses waved, \* which croateat lillies deck'd,  
In playfull ringlets round her ivo'ry neck :  
The gliding motion to celestials giv'n  
Spoke, as the pafs'd, her lineage trac'd from  
heav'n.

Such charms the swains beheld with fond delight,  
The nymphs repine'd and sicken'd at the sight ;  
With censure these alarm, intruding those  
Urge the bold fuit and banish with'd repose,  
Meantime the virgin, anxious to releafe  
Her injur'd honour and offended peace,  
For new associates longs, and fights to trace  
Amenter spots, that feed a gentier race ;  
New objects please : But chief was her desire  
To view the deep, to join the wanton choir  
Of *Nereus'* daughters, and with them to play,

To thine in pearls, which shew'd an orient  
And gems, that emulate the blaze of day,

If huntef DIAN with her virgin train  
From floating *Dales* to th' *Areadian* plain,  
To *Sparta* thence, or *Latmos*, wing'd her way,  
Where deep-conceal'd her lov'd *ENDYMION*  
lay ;

Or, unrestrain'd, if *VENUS* self could rove  
From her own *Cyprus* to th' *Italian* grove,  
To *CAPY'*s for descending from above,  
And flood contell the radiant queen of love,  
If guiltless there the fond desire of change,  
Blame not AVONA for the will to range.

Sweet *Philomel*, with her love-labour'd lay,  
Darkling had hail'd the glad return of *MAY* :  
*Aurora* chafe'd the fleeting shades of night,  
And the swift hours unbarr'd the gates of light,  
While feather'd choirs, the quiv'ring leaves  
among,

Plume'd their gay wings and tune'd the matin  
While vernal sweets from ev'ry plant exhale,  
Her course she bends adown the smiling vale;

\* The yellow Iris, or Water Lilly, abounds in the upper parts of the Avon.

Where'er she moves, inlaid with many a rill,  
Laugh the rich meads, and with abundance fill  
The horn of plenty ; on their cozy beds  
The weeping willows bow their waving heads,  
On ev'ry side she views with wond'ring eyes  
The domes that glitter and the tow'rs that  
rise,

[town,

The herds which, lowing from the village,  
Crop the cool burnet on the flow'ry down,  
The fleecy flocks, that shun the sultry beam,  
And pant and murmur to the murmu'ring  
stream.

At length, where *QUEENSE'R'Y*'s bounty  
without bound,

Full as the stream which feeds the fields  
around,

[scene,

Exub'rant flows, she pafs'd the woodland  
And the cloath'd barrows with immortal  
green,

And saw with joy (for deities may tire)

*Sarum*, thy lofty tow'r, to heav'n aspire.

Anon, with languid pace and irkome pain,  
The sacred walls, which guard the wondrous  
fane,

Approaching near, a manly form array'd  
In regal vesture, which the winds display'd,  
Quick interven'd where now the paſſage lay,  
And with obstruction fudden barr'd her way ;  
Augtis his preſence, on his head he bore  
The poplar crown, which great *ALCIDES*  
wore,

With fallows braided ; netted fedge compos'd  
The trailing robe, before his shoulders clos'd  
With knotted grafs entwin'd ; his comely  
face

Was bright with smiles and animated grace.  
Yet, as the Pilgrim, wand'ring far abroad,  
If chance fome lordly savage thwart his road,  
Shudders aghast, while fears arreſt his speed,  
Dreading retreat nor daring to proceed,  
Back she recoil'd ; when with complacent air,

"Calm be thy bosom, nymph divinely fair,  
Nor dream," he said, "that injury can meet,  
Forbid it ev'ry pow'r ! a form so sweet,  
Thrice bleſt ! for whom kind Fate allots  
those charms !

"To clasp thy beauties with enfolding arms,  
Were biſs supreme ! but say, what part  
of earth,

"What happy region, triumphs in thy birth ?  
Whither diſpos'd, with what intent, thy  
course ?"

"From\* *Martin*'s hallow'd mount I boast my

\* Here the Willy and Avona meet.

† In Camden this knſt-graſs, which is pecu-  
liar to the Willy, and grows only in a meadow  
near Shrewton, is called *Long trailing Dog's*  
*Graſs*, and is ſaid to be 24 feet long, which does  
by no means exceed the truth.

\* *St. Martin's hill*, commonly call'd *Martin-*  
*ſhall hill*.

" Where noble BRUCE's wide domains extend,  
" Fav'rite of *Pallas*, and the Muſe's friend,"  
The nymph return'd, " my purpoſe is to keep  
" My Vigils with the *Nereids* of the deep :  
" Oppoſe not thou, nor tempt thy fall, but hear  
" What, ere I rov'd, our venerable feer,  
" A far-fame'd Druid he of rev'rend age,  
" Rapt into future times did then preſage ;  
" If e'er thou reach the confeſcated ſtone  
" Where three fair cities are abſorb'd in one,  
" Know that the ſtated limit of the Burne  
" Foretold, whence no ſuch travellers return ;  
" Thence Fate conduets thee to the deſtin'd shore,  
" To ſink diſhonour'd and to riſe no more :  
" But who attempts shall rue the lawleſs flame,  
" Shall loſe himſelf in thee, thenceforth with-  
    " out a name."  
" If here that ſpot, (he cried) nor, thou  
    preſume  
" By care to ſhun th' irrevocable doom ;  
" Impell'd by Fate I meet thee from the ſoil  
" Where tu'fave *WEYMOUTH* cheers the  
    Peaſant's toil,  
" Laſt from illuſtrious PEMBROKE's calm  
    retreat,  
" Of Gods and Heroes now the bliſful ſeat :  
" Spent and unequal to the length of way,  
" Let my ſtrong arms thy panting form  
    convey ;  
" Indulge me to ſustain thy lovely weight,  
" And to the *Nereids* give the precious  
    freight !"  
So ſaying, with rude graſp the nymph he  
    feiz'd,  
Difſolv'd in liquid forrowe, unappeas'd,  
Then, riſhing on, with force refiſteſ bore  
The fair reluctant to the diſtant ſhore  
Whilom by *\* Devon's* ancient Earl poſſeſ'd,  
Unpitying there his fated prize compreſ'd,  
Impatient, with tumultu'ous tranſports toſt,  
And both, immers'd in guilty joys, were loſt.  
Yet in the mouth of each informing fwain  
AVONA flows, from *Sarum* to the main ;  
With lovd AVONA ſtill the vale hath rung,  
Refounds AVONA, theme of ev'ry tongue ;  
While hateful *WILLY* rues the lawleſs flame,  
In his AVONA loft — no more a name.

† *The old English word for Earne.*

\* *Richard de Rivers Earl of Devonshire, to whom King Henry the first gave the lands of Chrift-church in fee.*

\*\*\*\*\*  
EPiſtLE from a LADY at BATH to  
her FRIEND in the COUNTRY,  
Occasioned by the Diſputes about ſettling the A-  
mufements in that City.\*

YOUR letter, dear Mifs, I receiv'd with  
much pleaſure,  
And ſooner I'd anſwer'd it, had I had leisore ;  
But you know, tho' one foledom may go to  
the ball,  
One is ever employ'd — about nothing at all ;

\* *For particulars of this Diſpute, fee ' Riva-  
Ball Rooms,' juſt published, price 1s.*

For BATH tho' the moſt idle place in the  
nation, [tion :—  
The moſt idle here find the moſt occupa-  
Such a deal to be done, or in public or pri-  
vate, [nive at ;

Some actions to censure, and ſome to con-  
Such plotting and trotting it over the town,  
Reputations to cry up, but more to cry down ;  
Some Beauty in vogue — to find out the's but  
    painted,

Or blemiſh ſome character never yet tainted ;  
Who and who are together, maturely diſcuf'd,  
And judge who are ſoon to be married, or  
worf'e, [lectures,  
From egles and whispers, and ſpeeches and  
And where proofs may fail, make it up with  
    conjectures. [men,

In a country retreat you may chat with the  
In a snug tête-à-tête of an evening, till ten ;  
But here no ſuch liberties can be allow'd, —  
If you ſpeak to a man, it muſt be in a crowd,  
Or a jury of Matrons, less chafe than cen-  
forious, [quite notorious,  
    hand,

Will bring in their verdict, — you're grown  
In truth, we've fo much of this buſineſs on  
    hand,

We ſeldom have but little time at command,  
Tho' we take all advantages when it is  
    weather,

To hear and to ſettle thoſe matters together ;  
And if ſpleen and the vapours refufe their  
    affiſtance, [diſtance ;

W' have no time to write to our friends at a  
But thanks to the climate, and this ſituation,  
We are ſometimes reduc'd to a day's con-  
    templation ;

For at Bath we lie low in a bottom, like fish  
In a deep muddy pond, or like ſops in a dish ;  
And then when the air is moist, foggy, and  
    thick, [ſick,

And the Doctor is ſent for — to tell us we're  
And gives us a potion to paſt off the bile, —  
Confinement to ſotten and time to beguile, —  
We take his preſcription, which ſerves dou-  
ble ends,

While our ſtomachs are cleansing we write  
    to our friends. [leisure,

But this by the bye — You know, when I've  
I fail not to pay you with meaſure for mea-  
    ſure ;

For none loves you better : — And now I'm  
    ſet down, [town.  
I'll write what I knew of the news of the

Tho' we've had ſuch a buſtle, ſuch proving  
    and fending,

I ſcarce can find either beginning or ending ;  
But I think it began firſt at *Gyde's* Lower  
    Rooms, — [in brooms ;

His profits, he ſwore, would ſcarce find him  
Yet the Rooms he lit up with a brilliant glare  
To ſhow all the world there was nobody there,  
Save the Gout and the Pality, the Spleen and  
    the Vapours, [the tapers.

Who ſat down to whiſt 'till they'd burnt out  
The waiters obſcuous, attended with double  
Attention, but got little more than their  
    trouble ;

The

The music play'd up a new figure from France,  
 A lively brisk tune to a sorrowful dance.  
 The Ladies not many, the Gentlemen few,  
 Miss Fashion had left the Old Rooms for the New,  
 And led in her train all her vot'ries as usual,  
 Whilst the criples remain'd for each other's perusal.  
 "Brother Antique, says Senex, adjusting his wig,  
     [Jig.]  
 "Come let us stand up, and call out for a 'A jig,' quoth old Chalkstone, ' plague, where are the wenches,  
 'Here's nothing to look at but tables and benches;  
 'Confound these New Rooms, they've de-luded away  
 'The delight of my heart—ail the young and the gay:  
 'What a strange revolution!—we us'd all together  
     [feather,  
 'To flock to one place, just like birds of a play,  
     [one might say]  
 'When a thousand soft amorous things  
 'To the fair, who fat next, in a jocular way.  
 'I love to be sociable, pleasant, and free;  
 'And then, my good friend, what a pleasure to see  
 A lilly-white hand, with a delicate grace,  
 Present you the tea with a smile on her face:  
 But tea now's insipid, the lamps idly burn,  
 Whilst no damsel appears to preside at the urn.'      [ration,  
 Old Cautious spoke next, with great deliberation,  
 "Tis a thing we must take into considera-tion,  
 "If thus it continues," "why, what shall we do?"  
 "A wife man ne'er quits an old friend for a new.  
 "Shall we leave our warm quarters below,  
     now we're old,  
 "And dance up above to be froze with the cold,  
 "For the sake of your dimples, and lillies, and roses,  
 "And fit there till icicles hang at our noses?  
 "And jig up and down ev'ry night to the ball  
 "When 'tis frosty, and get broken bones by a fall?  
 "I'm not what I was fifty winters ago,—  
 "But why can't the Gadabouts come down below?  
 "Tis true I can't now, on account of my age,  
 "Make one in the farce, yet I still love the stage;  
 "The Lower Rooms lately serv'd all their occasions,  
 "Tis shameful to put up with such innovations!      [cent decorum  
 "Then summon our friends, and with de-bore  
 "We'll open the cafe, and lay matters before 'em."—  
 To this all agreed, and they all thought it right  
 That the New and Old Rooms should by turns have their night;

Their aids came in thick, and the party grew strong,      [wrong,  
 For most seem'd to think this desertion was Tho' they swam with the stream, and were led by the throng.  
 Now hand-bills, advertisements, summonses flew,      [New;  
 Such a bustle about the Old Rooms and the Yet still the Proprietors kept themselves quiet, As tho' they were nothing concern'd in the riot;  
 But did as most people in those cases will, Took toll of the graft that was sent to their mill:      [redoubt,  
 Quite snug and secure in their new-raised They thought squibs & crackers cou'd ne'er drive them out,  
 But Fortune, that capricious, whimsical jade, Who delights in deceit, for deceiving her trade,      [steeple,  
 At once turn'd about like the vane on the Espous'd t'other cause, and assembled the people.  
 From tubs, stools, and tables, the orators thunder,      [wonder,  
 Demosthenes like—whilst the simpletons Old systems are ransack'd, laws moral and civil,      [of evil  
 And the nature display'd both of good and Society, moral and natural right, Are argued and debated from morning till night,  
 And trac'd up to Adam, and then back again Thro' their sons and their daughters, from Abel to Cain,  
 (The first whom we read of who found—with some pains—out  
 That a stick or a stone would knock a man's brains out)  
 To Noah, Sesostris, to Moses, and millions Of sophisters, lawyers, and noted civilians, To William the Norman, that notable fer-jeant,      [argent;  
 To William Aquarius, of Bath, gauntlets Disputing, confuting, till quite out of breath, They had argued themselves and their hearers to death;  
 Yet all their fine speeches to no purpose led, But to shew all the world they'd a tongue in their head,      [daughters,  
 'Till the sons of Hibernia, spurr'd on by her Who in such affairs were ne'er reckon'd defaulters, Came into their aid in the critical minute, (For when there's a bustle they love to be in it)  
 Assembled their forces, without more delay, And bore all before them that stood in their way.  
 The sons of Hibernia by birth-right inherit A greater proportion of freedom and spirit Than some people do, yet no names will I mention,      [attention.  
 Lest some take offence, and mistake my intent. The troops now united, a resolute throng, They force all who will or who will not go long;

Puff

Push on the attack with such spirit and vigor,  
They vanquish their foes without drawing a trigger,  
And those who resist, in captivity led,  
They drag down below by the hair of their head.

[discreet]

The New Rooms deserted, they thought it  
To beat to a parley, and deputies meet;  
But still the Proprietors vow and declare  
They will only agree to remain as they were:  
T'other party consented to let them alone,  
And taking the marrow resign'd them the bone.

[told,

So all things remain as before you've been  
Only Fashion has left the New Rooms for  
the Old.

But still there remains a few words yet to say  
Of General WADDE, who'd a hard card to play,  
To manage two parties, and keep matters even,

[heaven.

Which fure is a hard thing betwixt hell and  
Two masters to serve at one time is absurd,  
And out of this couple there sprung up a

third,

[maintain

They nam'd him the PUBLIC, — and him they  
Is a Lord of great might, tho' a Child of the  
Brain,

Ally'd to confusion, some say a twin brother,  
Brought forth at one birth without father or  
mother:

[penion

He now takes the chair, and on pain of suf-  
Commands Marshal WADDE to declare his in-  
tention;

Which most he affects, which he chuses to do,  
To quit the Old Rooms, or to give up the  
New?

[cafe,

He paus'd on the bus'ness, and study'd the  
Unwilling to share with another his place,  
Then atks time to consider — The parties  
divide,

And leave it to Time and himself to decide.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### REIGNING TOASTS.

To the benacious Mrs. MATTHEWS, of Ireland.

To thee, sweet Goddess of that fairy shore,  
Where Beauty reigns, and all the men  
adore;

By Heaven favour'd — where no serpent lies,  
Where nought can fascinate but Beauty's eyes;  
Where wanton Cupid waves his rosy wing,  
And flowers may bloom without a reptile's

sling:

Sure 'tis the very Paradise of yore,  
And snakes, since Adam fell, forbid the shore.  
Suppose it true. — Still Eves enough remain  
To tempt old Adam, and reform young Cain.

SPARKLE up, my Champaigne, and with  
rapture receive

The fairest of Toasts that a mortal can give;  
Whose soul-piercing eye can intoxicate more  
Than tuns of old Nectar from Bacchus's store,

With health, peace, and joy, may the Gods  
crown her years!

Come fill up high bumpers, and hail — lovely  
Maurus,

WHAT a form! how complete! sure the  
like ne'er was seen!

Is't a mortal or goddes that trips o'er the green?  
It is C—d—n's bright star, the adorable Pratt,  
No, no, you mistake, tho' her name you've so  
pat,

It is Venus; and Cupid, the more to surprise,  
Has slipt from her side and lies hid in her eyes.

A GODDESS you gave, — Well, I'll too  
climb the skies,

And rifle Olympus for shape, air, and eyes.  
But Juno's too stately — Minerva too grave —  
O what shall I do then? for Venus you have,  
I'll mingle the virtues and charms of all three,  
And form a sweet image, yclept — Nancy Lee.

WHAT the Graces neglected! such forms  
to despise!

It will make the old manes of Chesterfield rise,  
Lie still, noble Peer; for these sins I'll atone,  
And Thistlethwait's air shall comprise them in  
one.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.  
On hearing the Hon. Mrs. J——'s fax, "She  
hoped every body might have what they  
wished for."

CRESCENT, BATH, Dec. 28, 1774.

TOO generous fair! a cruel law  
Forbids thy will to be,  
For every Youth that ever saw  
Has wished e'er since for Thee,  
A thousand tender hopes and fears, —  
So sweetly wound thy eyes, —  
Whene'er thy form divine appears,  
In every breast arie,  
O nymph! so killing and so kind,  
O born to blest but one!  
Thus blest all in bounteous mind,  
In fact thou blestest none.

Then lend an ear to what I sing,  
And crown some happy swain;  
For happier he, than Persian King,  
Who in thy heart shall reign,  
Let us in vain no longer sigh,  
To kill at once were best:  
Bles One, (and let that one be I),  
Despair shall cure the rest.

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#### JEANY'S COMPLAINT.

A favourite Scotch SONG, sing at BATH.

TO the sweet chanting warbling throng,  
I do addres my plaintive lay;  
Since Jockey's left me I'm undone,  
And courts another far away.  
Tho' oft' he said he'd constant be,  
And ne'er would wed a maid but me.  
No more will Jockey tune his pipe,  
And on the green the dance declare;  
Nor tell his tales which gave delight  
To Jeany and the virgins fair.  
Alas! I see my pleasures lost,  
Since Jockey's gone who pleas'd me most.

E

The

The lasses all with envy look,  
When Jockey led me to the green;  
Then from my lips a kiss he tooks,  
That made me happy as a queen.  
But now he's left me here to mourn,  
And ne'er to me will he return.  
My flocks neglected leave the plain,  
While here I wander in the shade;  
Making complaint to birds in vain,  
The sorrows of a hopeless maid:  
Yet them alone I leave to tell,  
What makes me bid the world farewell.

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## SIMPLICITY. A PASTORAL.

YES, here in the Sylvan retreat,  
Where innocence carelessly strays,  
Simplicity fixes her seat,  
And numberless beauties displays.  
How sweet are the nymphs in her train,  
While Modesty leads them along;  
How pleasing the notes of the swain,  
Who warbles her elegant song!  
The hours that wave in the gale,  
The warblers that sing on the boughs;  
The flowers that bloom in the date,  
The stream that enchantingly flows;  
The grotto's impervious glooms,  
Where thick-throbbing terror alarms;  
The rock where the jessamine blooms,  
Acquire from her beauty their charms.  
Her manner is soft and refin'd,  
She's free from affected disguise;  
She's gentle, she's friendly, she's kind,  
And sympathy beams in her eyes.  
She's deck'd in the garments of ease,  
She smiles with an innocent air,  
With sweetnes that always must please,  
With softnes becoming the fair.  
Would Chloris more lovely appear,  
And beauty's bright graces improve;  
These magical robes let her wear,  
And yield to the impulse of love.

Would Damon to glory aspire,  
And swell with true ardour the strain,  
Simplicity's charms must inspire,  
And soften the breast of the swain.

\*\*\*\*\*

## On the NEW YEAR.

THE fleeting month, the rolling year,  
But bear us to our doom;  
The night's advance, the day's appear,  
To call us to our home.  
The spring, bedeck'd with opening flowers;  
The summer's gaudy pride;  
The richest fruits that autumn pours,  
In all her plenteous tide;  
The sniv'ring blast of Winter's wind,  
The tempest, hail, and snow—  
Are lessons to th' attentive mind,  
How fleeting's all below!  
Fix'd, then, on realms of brighter bliss,  
Let all our wishes rise;  
And, while we dwell in worlds like this,  
Seek these beyond the skies.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

## VERSE S

Written on the last day of December 1774.

WHEN this day sets, another year is gone,

Another Year! A term of ample space!  
Yet what, when wakeful memory looks back,  
Can Reason call conspicuous from all  
That fancy form'd, or application urg'd?  
What deed of worth, what virtuous plan  
purposed;  
What merit cherish'd; what dist'res reliev'd?  
Thro' the long line how little white appears!  
Can Reason and Reflection aid no more?  
Is this, O gracious Heav'n! for man to live,  
To eat, to sleep, to fly the airy kite  
Of idle passions and of vain caprice?  
Feel, feel my heart, and let ingenuous shame  
Pour honest blushes for such years as this.  
Kindle, ethereal spirit, indignant burst  
These flavish bonds by sloth and folly forg'd.  
And Thou, Almighty Father! who survey'st  
Man's inmost thought, who see'st my spirit  
pain'd

By past time's recollection and abuse,  
Illume my mind, strengthen my faculties,  
And give to live those years thou yet may'st  
lend,

In usefulness and studies worthy man.

S. P.

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On Lord MAHON'S MARRIAGE with  
Lady HESTER Pitt.

WHEN gentle hearts in faithful union  
join,  
And mix the Hero's with the Patriot line,  
With every charm uniting every grace,  
And all the virtues of the Temple race;  
The happy union we with joy admit,  
And blest the match of Stanhope and of Pitt,

\*\*\*\*\*

## On the Death of Lord CLIVE.

LIFE's a surfaſe, flipp'y, glaſſy,  
Whereon tumbled Clive of Plaſſey:  
All the wealth the Eaſt could give,  
Brib'd not death to let him live;  
No distinction's in the grave  
'Twixt the Nabob and the Slave.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the DEATH of  
Lady CHARLES MONTAGUE.

ACCEPT, dear Shade, the tribute of a  
tear,  
'Tis all poor Mortals have to offer here:  
It was thy worth that caus'd those tears to  
flow,  
Thy gentle sweetnes made affection grow:—  
Too young thy babes to mif's a mother's care,  
Or know what dangers wait the young and  
fair.  
But oh the pangs that rend the husband's  
heart,—  
Clasp'd in his arms, he saw thy foul depart:  
In all his sorrows let his hope be this,—  
Thou'ſt chang'd terrestrial for eternal bliss.

*The fashionable Dress for January, as established at St. James's and Bath.*

**T**HE Ladies in *full Dress* wear their Hair high, wide at the Top, and cross Curls at the Sides;—large Flys with very small Wings to pin down on the Hair;—rich plain Silks for Negligees, with Chenille, Blond, or Gauze Trimmings in Fancy, ornamented with large Tassels and Ribbon;—large Hoops;—small Blond Tippets or Buffongs pinn'd down on each shoulder, with small Bows, and one behind the same.

*Undress.* French Jackets or Jesuit Dresses, with short Gauze or Silk Aprons,—or Night Gowns with round Cuffs and double Robbins;—flat Hat Bonnets, with half Handkerchief and Lappet to hang behind;—Cloaks of a middling Length behind, and very long before, of white or coloured Sattin, lined with Skin, with Muffs to match, or of black Mode lined with white and trimm'd with broad Laces;—coloured Slippers, small Roses.

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*An authentic account of the restoration of the Old Parliament of Paris, Nov. 25, 1775.*

**T**HE Princes, Peers, the Grand Officers of the crown, and other persons who had seats in the bed of justice, having taken their places, and the keeper of the seals having received, on his knees, his Majesty's orders, he thus addressed himself to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies :

“ Sir, it is his Majesty's express command that you forthwith repair to the hall of St. Lewis, and acquaint the magistrates who are there assembled, that his Majesty orders them to come and resume the seats which they occupied in the year 1770.”

They attended immediately, and the King made the following speech :

“ The King, my most honoured Lord and Grandfather, was compelled, by your resistance to his repeated command, to adopt such a measure as his wisdom suggested, for maintaining his own authority, and fulfilling the obligations he lay under of rendering justice to his subjects. I have thought proper this day to recal you to the exercise of those functions which you ought never to have quitted: learn to prize my favours, and never lose remembrance of their extent !

“ You will hear the reading of an ordinance, the several parts of which are conceived exactly in the letter and spirit of my royal predecessors. I will not suffer the smallest infringement to be made on it. My own authority, the preservation of justice, the happiness and tranquillity of my people, all equally require that it be observed inviolate.

“ It is my will that all past grievances be buried in oblivion. I shall ever behold with extreme disapprobation whatever may tend to create divisions, or disturb the good order and tranquillity which I wish always to subsist in my parliament. Be solely occupied in the faithful discharge of your respective duties, and you co-operate with my wishes, which are solely directed to promote the welfare and happiness of my subjects.

“ I decree that from this moment the Sieur Hue de Miromesnil shall take upon him the office and execute the functions of Chancellor.”

On this the Sieur Hue de Miromesnil took on him the functions of Chancellor, the Sieur Seguier those of Attorney General, the Sieur Joly those of Solicitor General, and the Sieur Alligre those of First President of the Parliament; they all took their places accordingly, after which the edicts, &c. were read and registered.

After the reading of the edict for re-establishing the ancient officers of the Parliament, the First President, by the King's commission, made a speech, acknowledging his Majesty's goodness in their recal.—The First President having finished his discourse, the Gens du Roi had permission to speak, when the Sieur Seguier made a speech for them.

The Gens du Roi having requested the edict to be registered, it was done accordingly by the King's order, who then made the following speech :

“ You now know my pleasure, and from your zeal for the public good, and your attachment to the true principles of Monarchy, I expect you would exactly conform to what I have prescribed: you may depend on my protection and countenance as long as you worthily fill the places you occupy, and do not attempt to enlarge the bounds of the power which is granted to you.”

*The following Declaration of War is here recorded for its singularity.*

**W**HEREAS at the adjustment of the peace with the King of Morocco, the renewal and fixing the boundaries of the territory, which is annexed to my forts on the coasts of that kingdom, were settled, as also the restitution of defectors, and various other conditions, which all testify the said Prince's recognition of the incontestible right in my crown to those places, situated in countries

which had been part of the Spanish monarchy; and although by the very act of the King of Morocco himself having complied with these stipulations, it appears, that living in peace with Christians who occupied those places in Africa was not inconsistent with the fact which he professes; notwithstanding all this, he, doubtless not attending to all the advantages which he receives from peace and commerce with my dominions, has written me a letter, in which, founding himself upon maxims and principles of his own fact and policy, strange and new ones entirely, compared with those received among the European nations, he tells me, that he will make war against these ports, and pretends, at the same time, that such a step is not to interrupt the friendship, the intercourse and commerce, betwixt our respective states, &c. as appears from the tenor of the said letter; which, being translated from the Arabic, is literally as follows:

" In the name of the merciful God, and there is no help but in the great God.

" Mahomed Ben Abdalla, (L. S.) The 7<sup>th</sup> of the month of Rageb, in the year 1188.

" To the King of Spain,

" Health to him who follows the law, and perfids therein. Know ye, that we are in peace with you according to the treaties of peace made between us and you: but the Mahometans of our dominions, and of Algiers, have agreed, saying, That they will not suffer any Christian whatever to be on the coasts of Mahometan countries from Ceuta to Oran, and they will recover to themselves the possession of them: for which reason they have requested us to attend seriously to this affair, saying, " thou hast no excuse for remaining quiet, or consenting that Mahometan countries should remain in the power of Christians, at a time when God hath given thee forces and warlike instruments, such as no one else hath." It was not possible for us not to attend to their instances, or assist them upon this subject: and now we are desirous of taking the matter into consideration. If the Algerines undertake the war together with us, as they have desired to do, it is well; but if they withdraw themselves and oppose what they themselves have desired, we will consider them as enemies, and fight in person against all, till God shall decide between us and them. And this business is not against the peace which subsists betwixt us and you; your traders and their ships will remain as before, and will take their provisions and other things from any of our ports, as they please, conforming to the customs now observed in them, agreeable to the marine treaty between our respective caravels, and your ships will receive no damage, so that your subjects will trade in all our dominions, and will travel by land and by sea, with all security, and nobody will hurt them, because we have established peace with you,

which we will not break, if you, on your part, do not:—In which case you will be allowed four months, that every body may know it; and what we have said concerning our going to the said countries, is, because we are obliged to it, and have no method of excusing ourselves from it. But with respect to peace at sea, we will do according to our own will. And now we give you an account of the truth of this business, that you may be advised thereof, and consider what suits you; and we have signed this letter with our own illustrious hand, that you may be assured of its certainty. Greeting, the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the month of Rageb, in the year 1188" (19th September 1774.)

And judging it unbecoming my sovereignty to listen to, much less to admit, such propositions; and being besides informed that the person who was charged by the King of Morocco to deliver this letter to the Governor of Ceuta for me, had declared, that, in proof of the peace being at an end, the Moors in the camp would fire against the fort with balls as soon as he had left it, which they actually did; and being informed that the said Moors have since continued to fire against certain fishermen's boats, which were near them as usual, by which hostilities the Moors have broken the peace; I have resolved, upon account of these acts, and from the time they were committed, to declare, That it is to be understood, that the friendship and good harmony with the King of Morocco is interrupted, all communication is to cease between my subjects and his, and things to return to the state of war, by sea and land, in which they were before the treaty was settled; keeping up only the 17<sup>th</sup> article of it, in which it was stipulated, that, in case of a rupture, six months should be allowed to the individuals of both nations to retire freely to their respective countries with their goods and effects, which I order shall be kept and observed punctually with the Morocco subjects; being persuaded, that that prince will observe the same with respect to mine. And whereas lately, the King of Morocco having sent me some Spanish captives, which he had obtained from the regency at Algiers, I did order the Alcaide who brought them, that not only all the Morocco Moors, who, by having been taken on board Algerine vessels, were prisoners in Cartagena, should be delivered up, but also all the wounded and old Algerines, who were there; I am desirous that these unhappy people should effectually have their liberty, and be conveyed to the kingdom of Morocco, as was intended, notwithstanding the new state of affairs which has arisen, being moved thereto by the pity with which I consider their fate, and because they should not be prejudiced by an event in which they have no concern.

Wherefore, and in consequence of all that has been stated, I order, that the peace between those dominions and these shall be held

held to be broken, and the war be renewed, and that the subjects of the King of Morocco shall not be disturbed in their free return to their country, with their goods and effects, for which I grant the term of six months, counting from the day of the publication of this cedula, for such is my will. Dated at San Lorenzo el Real, October 23, 1774.

I THE KING,  
Geronimo de Grimaldi.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

*Derby, Dec. 23.* On Sunday night last, betwixt twelve and one o'clock, Mrs. Vicars of this town, was most inhumanly murdered in her own chamber, by a man who continued some time in the house, and rifled the drawers, &c. but what booty he made is not at present known. It is said she had three gold rings on her fingers, which are missing. The coroner's jury was summoned, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against a person or persons unknown. Strong suspicions soon fell upon one Matthew Cocklane, a whitesmith, who worked in this town as a journeyman. This fellow, from various circumstances which appeared on the evidence delivered to the Coroner's jury, the previous enquiries he made how rich the old woman was, in particular his coming home soon after this bloody deed was committed, and leaving his house almost immediately, pretending he was going to work at New-Mills, near Duffield, (to which place he never went, but is supposed to have set off for Liverpool) is thought to be the murderer. Proper persons are in quest of him. He is an Irishman, about 40 years of age, and was once a soldier in the 33d regiment of foot.

*Oxford, Dec. 31.* Last Monday evening an inquisition was taken upon the body of James Glaffington of this city, labourer, who the preceding Monday had received a shot in the back, in coming down the river from Medley, to this place, in a boat; of which wound he languished for a week, and then expired in great agonies.—On collecting the evidence it appeared to the Coroner's Inquest that Glaffington, James Smith, and two other persons were in a boat; that Smith and one of the others had each a gun; which they had charged with powder, and several times wantonly fired at Glaffington in their passage; and that from the last shot he instantly dropped, and declared himself a dead man.—Upon opening the body of the deceased, there were found two hard wads of brown paper, which had penetrated the muscles on his loins, had fractured the spine, and lodged on the lowest rib of his left side; and which indisputably appeared to have occasioned his death: The Jury therefore returned their verdict Wilful Murder, against James Smith, the person who last fired. The wound externally, was not larger than if it had been made by a musket ball; from whence it is evident, the muzzle of the gun must have been at a very small distance from his back at the time of firing.

*York, Jan. 3.* On Thursday morning last, between five and six, Francis Smith, a butcher of Pocklington, was found lying in a ditch by the road near Kexby Bar, robbed and mangled in a shocking manner, having a fracture in his skull large enough to admit a man's hand, his face so terribly bruised that only one eye could be seen, and his fingers crushed and miserably torn. He was alive when found, but not able to speak, and died before they got him to a house about 200 yards distant. His pockets were turned out, and his shirt buttons taken off. Smith was coming to our fortnight fair to buy cattle, and it is supposed he had most of his money about him. He has left a widow and five small children in pitiable circumstances. It is thought he made resistance, the cry of murder, and the sound of blows, being heard by some men in the fields in Dunnington lordship.

*Winchester, Dec. 31.* On Monday evening last Thomas Jolliffe, a fish carrier from Christchurch to this city, together with his son, about 12 years of age, were drowned in a pond belonging to Henry Compton, Esq; of Bisham, near Ringwood. They had been to Mr. Compton's (in a tilted cart drawn by two horses) to take up a parcel, and it being very dark, they drove out of the road, and were turned over into the pond, where they were found the next morning, smothered under the cart. Jolliffe has left a wife and nine children.

*Cambridge, Dec. 30.* The Rev. Mr. Tenant is elected by the trustees to the living of Higham, in Suffolk, void by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Pratt (who resigned it from a dissatisfaction at his having complied with the subscription required by law to the thirty-nine articles, and a disapprobation of certain particulars in the doctrine and public worship of the Church of England.)

L O N D O N.

*Jan. 1.* Sunday Miss Johnson, daughter of Gen. Johnson, killed her Majesty's hand at St. James's on being appointed one of her maids of honour, in the room of the Hon. Miss Cathcart, now Duchess of Athol.

Tuesday last a Fête L'Hivre [or Christmas feast] was given by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to several Noblemen and Gentlemen at Windsor Lodge, in the Old English way. Thirty-two beds extraordinary were made up on the occasion.

The Conquerant, a French man of war, was lately left near St. Domingo, and only 13 of the crew saved out of 400.

The Bourgogne, a French man of war of 60 guns, from Brest to Martinico, laden with guns, ammunition, and other warlike stores, is lost within a few leagues of Martinico, and all the crew perished.

On the 17th ult. was launched in his Majesty's dock-yard at Plymouth, the Nonplus, a fine 64 gun ship. The keel of the Glory, a 90 gun ship, is to be laid on the same slip as soon as possible.

MARRIED.

## MARRIED.

W<sup>m</sup>. Charles Sloper, Esq; of South-Audley-street, to Miss Amelia Shipton, second daughter of the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.  
 Lord Viscount Mahon, to Lady Hester Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Chatham.  
 At Stanwell church, Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart, to Miss Stanhope, only daughter of Edwin Francis Stanhope, Esq.  
 By a special licence, Sir Stanier Porten, to Miss Wybake, of Marybone.  
 Sir Robert Fletcher, to Miss Pybus, daughter of John Pybus, Esq; banker, in Bond-street.  
 By special licence, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Abel Meysey, jun. Esq; member for Bath, to Miss Charlotte Bampfylde, daughter to Sir Richard Warwick Bampfylde, Bart. Knight of the shire for Devon.  
 At Southampton, James Rodney, Esq; to Miss Ruyf, of Alesford.  
 Mr. Brookland, attorney, of Windsor, to Miss Mafon, of Henley.  
 George Stubbs, Esq; of Suffolk-street, to Miss Bailey of Cockspur-street.  
 Capt. Broke, of the Prince of Wales's regiment of Dragoon-Guards, to Miss Brooke, of Kensington.  
 Robert Evered, Esq; of Bridgwater, to Miss Jennings, of Woolavington.  
 Mr. Thomas Linthorne, of the Worcester man of war, to Miss Print, daughter of Mr. Print, vintner, of Gosport.  
 Francis Wadman, Esq; gentleman usher to her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, to Miss Comyns, of Northfleet in Kent.  
 The Rev. Mr. Evans, jun. to Miss Hazle, of Bristol.  
 Mr. Thos. Raikes, merchant, of London, to Miss Charlotte Finch, of Bromley.  
 Rev. George Stepeny Townley, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, to Miss Martha Benfield, of Cheltenham.  
 Mr. Martin, proprietor of the Long Rooms at Southampton, to Miss Pigeon, of Romsey.  
 Rev. Dr. Horley, rector of Albury, and vicar of Newington, to Miss Rotham.  
 Hon. Peter King, eldest son of Lord King, to Miss Charlotte Fredercet.  
 James Pownall, Esq; merchant of Tokenhouse-yard, to Miss Glideroy, of King-street.  
 Rev. Mr. Newton, to Miss Hamilton, of Bristol.  
 The Rev. Mr. Tymms, jun. rector of Harpeler, and vicar of Dallington, near Northampton, to Miss Philippa Clitherow, sister of James Clitherow, Esq; of Brentford.  
 Rev. Mr. Balch, of Amebury, to Miss Bloxam, of Walmminster.  
 Mr. Arthur, fencing and dancing-master, of Bath, to Miss Edmunds.  
 Mr. Wm. Cottell, merchant-taylor of Bath, to Miss Moore, daughter of Mr. Thomas Moore, of Bruton.  
 Col. James Morgan, of Fort-William in Bengal, to Miss Warton, eldest daughter of Dr. Warton, head master of Winchester college.  
 Mark Anthony Tufts, Esq; captain in his Majesty's 9th regiment of dragoons, to Miss Patience Sterling, of Dublin.  
 Mr. Blackwell, banker, of Lombard-street, to Miss Edm. of Lewisham.  
 Mr. Norton, surgeon, of Henley upon Thames, to Miss Barker.

The Duke of Athol, and \*\*\*\* Graham, Esq; by special licence, at Lord Cathcart's house in Grosvenor-place, to two of his Lordship's daughters.

At Dublin, the Hon. Piera Butler, Esq; brother to the Earl of Carrick, to Miss Rotham, niece to the late Sir Wm. Cooper.

Rev. Dr. Thorp, of Tackley in Oxfordshire, to Miss Patty Neale.

James Goodyer, Esq; of Upper Grosvenor-street, to Miss Harriet Ellis, of Piccadilly.

Philip Gordon, Esq; of Blackford in Devonshire, to Miss Willis, of Portman-street, Sir Theodore Robins, of Piccadilly, to Miss Lucy Purvis.

At Dartmouth, Alderman Browne, deputy comptroller of the customs, to Miss Beavis.

Rev. James Burton, fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, to Miss Jenour, only daughter of Dr. Jenour, late regius professor of civil law.

Charles White, of Lincoln, Esq; to Miss Bernard, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Bernard, Bart.

At Gressenhall in Norfolk, Mr. Josiah Boydell, nephew to Mr. Boydell, of Cheapside, to Miss North, a relation to Lord North.

Mr. Atkinson, linen-draper, of Coventry-street, to Miss Polly Spriggs, of Piccadilly.

Mr. Richard Maltby, coach-master, of Bath, to Mrs. King, an agreeable widow lady.

At Trowbridge, Philip James Gibbs, Esq; to Miss Mary Lee.

Rev. Mr. Freeman, of Combs in Suffolk, to Miss Eliz. Broke, of Ipswich.

Mr. John Morphey, jun. attorney of Norwich, to Miss Crofs, of Wifbich.

## DIED.

Francis Owen, Esq; one of the four returned members for Helstone, in Cornwall.

At Dublin, Mrs. Henrietta Ogle.

At Northampton, Edward Whitton, Esq.

In Cheshire, Sir Peter Warburton, Bart.

At Comb-Grove, Mr. Charles Simpson, late master of the Lower Assembly-rooms, Bath, Wm. Ravenhill, Esq; an alderman of Hereford. Aged 82, the Rev. Dr. Nichols, vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and rector of St. Luke's. Aged 87, Alexander Tippings, Esq; 30 years a captain in the navy.

By a fall from his horse, Mr. Pearson, brewer, in Whitechapel.

Charles Pryor, Esq; a member of the society of Lincoln's-inn.

Mrs. Easterbrook, wife the Rev. Mr. Easterbrook, curate of Portishead, Somerset.

James Gifford, Esq; an alderman of Cambridge. At his seat in Leicestershire, aged 70, Charles Boothby, Esq.

Charles Lowe Whytell, Esq; second secretary of the pipe office, surveyor of the green wax, and in the commission for Middlesex.

Mr. Isaac Wawnford, farmer, of Hartley-hill, in Berks, in the 103d year of his age.

Mr. Wm. Miller, draper, of Wells, and a member of the common council of that city.

At Bath; Mrs. Collibee, wife of Mr. Alderman Collibee.

John Bewick, Esq; receiver-general for Worcester.

In his 60th year, Baron de Luders, a Knight of the Roman Empire.

Mr. John Vie, wine-merchant, of Bath.

Mrs. Galt, wife of Mr. Galt, of Salisbury.

At Bath, George Hervey, Esq.  
Sir Jonathan Briggs, Bart. of Manchester.  
George Overton, Esq; belonging to the navy.  
Edward Tasker, Esq; of Goodman's-fields, by  
a fall from his horse.  
At Kentish town, Capt. Bulston, and a few  
hours after his wife.  
The lady of the Rev. Mr. Newton, of Gloucester.  
Sherington Davenport, Esq; of Davenport-  
house in Shropshire.  
Mr. Benj. Cooke, surgeon, F. R. S. and senior  
alderman of Newport in the Isle of Wight.  
At Windsor, Evan Bouffier, Esq; page to the  
late Duke of Cumberland.  
At St. Vincent's, Capt. John Patton, and  
Lieut. Thomas Henry Herring, both of his  
Majesty's 6th regiment.  
The Right Hon. Francis Lord Middleton, Ba-  
ron of Middleton in Warwickshire, by  
whose death the title and estate devolves  
to his Lordship's only brother, the Hon.  
Thomas Willoughby, Knight of the Shire  
for Nottingham.  
The Rev. Mr. Charlton, a Baptist minister in  
Southwark.  
Aged 91, Alex. Stewart, of Ballachalloish, Esq.  
William Gordon, of Craig, Dingwall pur-  
suing at arms.  
In his 78th year, John Palairet, Esq; agent to  
their high mightinesses the States General.  
The Rev. Mr. Wm. Claggett, rector of Mun-  
desley and Trimingham in Norfolk.  
Aged 98, Mr. John Bolton, a grazier, at Sit-  
tingbourne.  
In her 78th year, Lady Hanham, relict of the  
late Sir W. Hanham, Bart.  
Nathaniel Templeman, Esq; one of the  
sworn clerks of the Court of chancery.  
Rev. Dr. Taylor, rector of Weeton Turville,  
Bucks.  
Mrs. Jennings, widow of Gov. Jennings.  
Rev. Mr. Broughton, prebendary of Sarum,  
vicar of St. Mary Redcliff and St. Thomas  
in Bristol, and of Bedminster and Abbot's  
Leigh, Somerset.  
Richard Cafe, Esq; of Powick, one of his Ma-  
jesty's justices for Worcestershire.  
The Rev. Charles Hughes, rector of Coln-  
Dean in Gloucestershire.  
Mr. Sweeting, sugar-baker, of Bristol.  
At Portumna in Ireland, the Hon. Dorothea  
Lambert, mother to Earl Cavan.  
Thomas Simpson, Esq; formerly a Lisbon  
merchant.  
Miss Watson, only daughter of Mr. Watson,  
a principal manufacturer of Kidderminster.  
Mr. Wm. Tugwell, clothier, of Bradford,  
At Duryard near Exeter, the Lady of the  
Right Hon. Lord Ch. Montague.  
Thomas Light, Esq; formerly in the East-India  
service.  
Jerem. Blagrave, Esq; of Burton-hall, Berks.  
Mr. Henry Mossop, formerly a much-admired  
actor of Drury-lane theatre, and late manager  
of Smock Alley, Dublin.  
C. B. Clarke, Esq; member for Derbyshire.  
Mr. Calvert, vinegar merchant, of Old-street.  
Aged 75, Mrs. Waugh, widow of the Rev.  
Dr. Waugh, dean of Worcester.  
Suddenly aged 47, the Rev. John North, A. M.  
rector of Hawridge in Bucks.  
Mr. Philip Lane, attorney of Exeter.  
Mrs. Warner, relict of the Rev. Dr. Warner,  
of Barnes in Surry.  
denly, Lieutenant Cunningham.

In Scotland, Sir Robert Myrton, Esq.  
Col. Patoun, of the Guards.  
At Duryard, Mrs. Croft, wife of Rd. Croft, esq.  
At Versailles, aged 82, Monf. N. Quesnay, the  
King's Counsellor, and first Physician in or-  
dinary, F. R. S.  
Isaac Benjamin, a Jew, aged 108 years; whose  
12th son is now living, aged about 70.  
Lady Mannock, relict of Sir Wm. Mannock.  
Mrs. Barbara Wyndham, sister to Henry  
Wyndham, Esq; of the Clofe, Salisbury.  
Mr. Wm. Woodward, an eminent cornfactor,  
of Winchester.  
Mr. John Blake, an alderman of Salisbury.  
In Bedford-row, Dr. John Allen, aged 74.  
Captain Wm. Dunbar, third son of Sir Wm.  
Dunbar, of Durn, Bart.  
Sir Geo. Francis Hampson, Bart. of Jamaica.  
At Islington, Jasper Waters, Esq.  
At the Mifflinship, Major Gen. Lyman.  
Paul Whitehead, Esq; a gentleman much ad-  
mired by the literati for his publications:  
Amongst other whimsical legacies, he has  
given his heart, with sol. to Lord le  
Dencpner.  
At Gibraltar, Ensign William Winthorp, of  
the 12th regiment at that place.  
Aged 85, Wm. Ogle, Esq; of Causley park in  
Northumberland, a captain in the first re-  
ment of Dragoons.  
At Durham, Mr. Braems Wheler, proctor in  
the Spiritual Court there, in an advanced  
age. And the same night his wife,  
Mrs. Tipping, relict of the late Bartholomew  
Tipping, Esq; of Woolley park in Berks.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERENCES.

Rev. James Woodford, to the living of Wef-  
ton Longville in Norfolk, worth 300l. a year.  
The Rev. Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and  
President of the Society of Antiquaries, to  
be Prolocutor to the Upper Houle of Con-  
vocation.  
Rev. John Grove Spurgeon, to the rectory of  
Oldton in Suffolk.  
Rev. Rd. Lloyd, A. B. to the rectory of Rhof-  
dic, with the vicarage of Rhanbadern, in  
Cardiganshire.  
James Webster, LL. B. to the archdeaconry of  
Glocester, with the rectory of Durley.  
Rev. Robert Edmund Baines, to the rectory  
of Halord in Warwickshire.  
Rev. James Davenport, A. B. to the vicarage  
of Wefton-upon-Avon, in Gloucestershire.  
Rev. Mr. Lumley, to the vicarage of Holme-  
fley, Yorkshire.  
Mr. Richard Smith, to be surgeon of Bristol  
infirmary.  
Rev. John Cott, B. D. to hold the rectory of  
Rottindon, with the rectory of Great Brax-  
ted in Essex.  
Rev. Mr. Shenton, to the living of Erneley,  
with Almodington, Suffex.  
Rev. Mr. Carpenter, to the living of Pancras,  
Chichester.  
Rev. John Bradley, M. A. to hold the rectory  
of Worting, Hants, with the rectory of  
Chalderington, Wilts.  
Rev. Dr. Jones, first chaplain to the Lord  
Lieutenant of Ireland, to the see of Kilmore.  
Rev. Mr. Grove Spurgeon, to the rectory of  
Oldton in Suffolk.  
Rev. John Wheler, to the chapelry of Poplar.  
Rev. Mr. John Cook, fellow of Balliol college,  
Oxford, to the rectory of Duloe, Cornwall.

Rev. Robert Ashe, jun. B. A. to the living of Miferton, with the curacy of Crewkerne, Somerset.

Rev. Ellis Henry, B. A. to the rectory of Cranford St. John, Northamptonshire.

Rev. Mr. Collins, fellow of Winchester coll. Oxford, to rectory of East Compton, Dorset. Rev. Sir John Culum, Bart. to the vicarage of Great Thurlow, Suffolk.

Rev. Mr. England, to curate of the free chapel of St. George in Deal.

Rev. Lewis Powell, to the rectory of St. Luke, Middlesex.

Rev. Moses Browne, to the vicarage of Weston in Lincolnshire.

Rev. Robert Maurice, M. A. to hold the rectory of Warmwell, with Poxwell annexed, together with the rectory of Bloxworth, in Dorsetshire.

Charles Townley, Esq; to be Bluemantle Pursuivant of arms.

Rev. Mr. Harris, to be residuary chaplain to his Majesty's factory at Malaga.

Rev. John Derby, to the rectory of Longfield, in Kent.

Rev. George Dinsdale, to the rectory of Stratford St. Andrew in Suffolk.

Rev. George Watson Hand, to the vicarage of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

The Rev. Michael Bridges, M. A. to the rectory of Berwick St. Leonard, with the chaple of Sedgemoor annexed, in Wilts.

Rev. Mr. Benjamin Spry, to a canonry or prebend in Salisbury cathedral.

Rev. Wm. Walker, M. A. of New College, Oxford, a vicar of Chichester cathedral, to the rectory of Rumboldswick, in Sussex.

John Hart, Esq; of Warfield, to be a gentleman of his Majesty's bed-chamber.

Rev. Francis Colman Regus, to the consolidated rectories of Broome and Oakly, in Gloucestershire.

#### CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Rich. Robinson, Esq; to be deputy muster-master general in Ireland.

Henry Penton, Esq; member for Winchester, to be a Lord of the Admiralty in the room of Thomas Bradshaw, Esq; deceased.

7th reg. dragoons. Cornet George Sandford to be lieut. vice John Vavafour. William Osborne to be cornet.

11th reg. dragoons. John Campbell to be cornet, vice Peter Boissier. Rev. Fr. Leighton chaplain, vice Duncan Menzies.

7th reg. foot. Ensign John Hill of the 13th reg. to be lieut. vice Richard Johnson.

12th reg. foot. Stephen Harvey to be ensign, vice William Winthorp.

13th reg. foot. Capt. George Henderson to be captain of a company, vice Tho. Ardeoff. Lieut. Hugh Meyrick to be captain-lieut. Lieut. Richard Johnson, of the 7th reg. to be lieut. Mr. Hay, to be ensign.

29th reg. of foot. Ensign Tho. Hill, to be lieut. vice Jeremiah Meara. John Bennett to be ensign.

56th reg. of foot. Ensign Nathaniel Cooke to be lieut. vice Charles Richardson.

58th reg. of foot. Lieut. Gregor Grant to be quarter-mater, vice Wm. M'Myne.

59th reg. of foot. Lieut. Narcissus Huson to be captain, vice Tho. Moncrieffe. Ensign Walter Haynes to be lieut.

*From the London Gazette, Jan. 7.*

#### AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From Dec. 26, to Dec. 31, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

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#### COUNTIES IN LAND.

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Surry 6 7 3 4 2 4 4 8

Hertford 6 11 3 5 2 3 4 0

Bedford 7 0 4 11 3 3 2 2 3 4

Cambridge 6 7 3 9 3 2 2 1 2 11

Huntingdon 6 9 3 2 2 2 3 3 8

Northampton. 7 8 5 3 3 10 2 0 2 8

Rutland 6 11 3 9 2 1 2 8

Leicester 7 5 5 1 4 0 2 1 3 10

Nottingham 6 5 4 11 3 7 2 4 3 7

Derby 7 0 4 0 2 6 4 0

Stafford —

Salop 7 2 6 0 3 8 1 10 4 8

Hereford 6 9 3 6 2 1 3 9

Worcester 7 6 4 0 2 5

Warwick 8 1 4 3 2 7 5 3

Glocester 7 5 3 7 2 4 4 11

Wiltshire 6 9 3 2 4 4 7

Berks 7 0 3 3 2 5 3 10

Oxford 7 7 3 7 2 7 4 3

Bucks 6 11 3 4 2 1 3 3

#### COUNTIES upon the COAST.

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Suffolk 5 9 3 1 3 1 2 1 2 11

Norfolk 5 9 3 4 2 10 2 0 3 0

Lincoln 6 2 4 3 3 3 1 9 3 5

York 6 1 4 8 3 2 2 0 3 7

Durham 5 8 4 0 3 1 1 11 3 4

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Cumberland 5 11 4 1 2 10 1 10 4 0

Westmorel. 7 4 2 9 2 0

Lancashire 6 5 3 2 2 2 3 6

Cheshire 6 8 3 11 2 3

Monmouth 7 5 3 3 1 9 3 7

Somerset 7 7 4 0 3 5 2 0 3 6

Devon 6 11 3 4 1 8

Cornwall 6 3 3 1 1 8

Dorset 7 4 3 2 11 2 2 4 7

Hampshire 6 11 3 2 2 3 3 3

Sussex 6 4 3 1 2 1 3 4

Kent 6 6 3 8 2 3 4

From Dec. 19, to Dec. 24, 1774.

#### W A L E S.

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South Wales 6 7 5 6 3 3 1 6 3 3

#### Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans. Big.

4 11 3 4 12 8 2 1 2 9 1 2 3

Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

#### PRICE of STOCKS, Jan. 7.

Bank stock, —. 4 per cent. conf. 92 1/2.

3 1/2 per cent. 1758, shut. 3 per cent. conf.

91 1/2. 3 per cent. red. 89 1/2. 3 per cent.

1726, shut. India stock, shut, 156 1/2 opening.

India Bonds, 565 a 575 prem. South

Sea stock, shut. Ditto old ann. —. Ditto

new ann. shut. 3 per cent. 1751, shut. Ditto

India Ann. —. Royal Assurance, —. Long

Ann. shut. Navy bills, 3 per cent. disc.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers,

At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborn.

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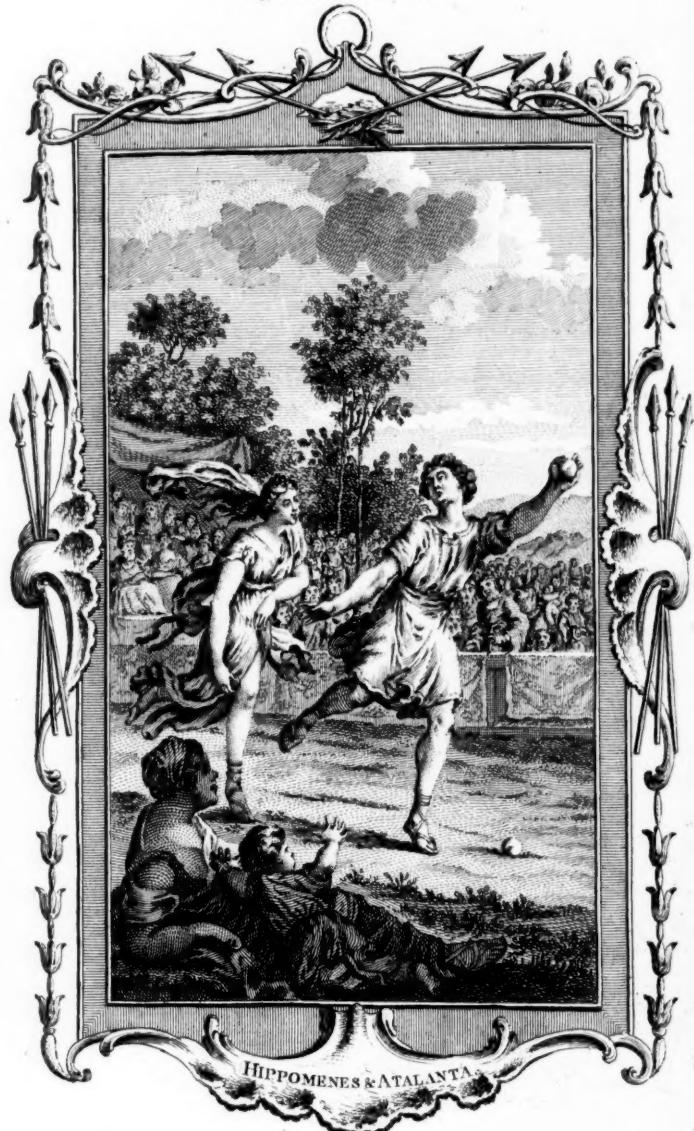
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*Engrav'd for the Monthly Miscellany.*



HIPPOMENES & ATALANTA.